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# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts





WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT IS IT?

*IT'S A NOISE IN  
THE HOODOOED INN!*

Do  
You  
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Easily?

## Watch out for The Hoodooed Inn!

THAT'S THE NAME OF THE NEW SERIAL which is beginning in the February AMERICAN GIRL and it's as good as its title implies. Louise Seymour Hasbrouck wrote it. Perhaps you know some of her books, especially *The Careless Kincaids*.

In *The Hoodooed Inn* you will meet Pan, a modern girl who with her brother and aunt have settled in an old house in the Catskills. When Pan's father goes off exploring and her aunt is in the hospital because of a motor accident, and a disagreeable housekeeper and her son are the only grown people in the house—then the excitement begins! With no money and no relatives, a few friends and a difficult

younger brother, what would you have done in Pan's place? The way she solves her problem—also solving a thrilling mystery at the same time—will keep you interested from the beginning of the story until the end.

The things that happen to Pan are simply breath-taking! Since the days of Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman, the Catskills have never witnessed such goings-on. Strange things happen in a graveyard near the house—but we can't tell you any more. To know too much about the story in advance would spoil it for you. Just remember that you have a treat coming for you in the February number of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

**WATCH FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE!**

# Along the Editor's Trail

THE two girls came into the hotel lounge where I was sitting. From their conversation, I gathered they were meeting the aunt of the blue-eyed one for tea. They talked for a time about clothes and then:

"I'm sunk. Life is just *too* hard to bear!" moaned the girl with the dark eyes, as she took off her hat and dropped it on the floor beside her.

"You're always sunk, darling. What's happened now to ruin your day?"

"That's right, Molly, make fun of me! I did think *you*, at least, would be sympathetic. I've been looking forward for weeks to Ellen's house party in the Adirondacks, and now, because the family budget's been knocked into a cocked hat, I'm told I can't go!"

"Oh, I am sorry, Kit," said Molly contritely. "I didn't know it was as bad as that, but—"

"There aren't any 'buts,'" snapped Kit. "Something abominable always seems to be happening to me! Elsie Saunders won the prize in our English A contest after I'd slaved over my essay. Delia took sick just as my holidays began and for three days I had to help with the dishes and clean and polish the silver. And now, this! I've always known I was born under an unlucky star!"

"Annoying things happen to other people, too. Eve Murray couldn't go back to college this fall and Eileen had to refuse her cousin's invitation to Bermuda because her mother was ill and she was needed to help take care of the younger children."

Kit's eyes widened. "Why, I never knew that Eileen—" then, punching the arm of her chair viciously, she remarked, "But anyway, they probably don't *want* things as much as I do!"

I listened shamelessly.

"Now don't be silly, Kit. I only—" Molly considered for a minute and then went on—"well, you might as well know that sometimes people aren't a bit interested in hearing all your troubles. The other day some of us were talking about making New Year's resolutions and one girl said she was going to resolve not to tell any more hard luck stories. Everyone thought it was a grand idea."

"You think it would be a grand idea if *I* made the same resolution?" Kit's tone was belligerent.

"I—I—think you might mind things less if you tried not to talk about them. Aunt Jane once told me about an interesting theory. I think she read it in a book of William James. He had the idea that feelings were created by actions instead of the other way around. For instance, if a person walking along a dark road began to think of robbers or ghosts, and allowed his thought of them to make him run, he would feel frightened. If he didn't run, he wouldn't feel frightened. I'm not sure I've explained it very well, but it went something like that."

"That's stupid. You don't understand what it's like to be constantly disappointed."

"Here's Aunt Jane now." I detected relief in Molly's voice as the discussion was interrupted.

As they walked toward the door, I watched Kit. For the moment she had forgotten how badly life was treating her and was eagerly talking to Aunt Jane. She looked quite different from the sad little heap that had sat in the chair near mine. She was pretty now and the corners of her mouth had lost their ugly droop. I sincerely hoped, for her own sake as well as for the sake of her friends, that she would make that New Year's resolution.



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## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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**Betty Brooks**

**THE AMERICAN GIRL**

570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

CAMDEN and Columbia, South Carolina and Augusta, Georgia on December first became a part of the New York-to-Atlanta air mail route. Service is operated by means of a spur line connecting at Charlotte, North Carolina. The postmasters at each of the three cities placed a special cachet on all mail carried in the first flight.

On the same date Canada placed on sale seven new postage stamps which will be quite pleasing to all of you. The new values are one-cent, two-cent, three-cent, four-cent, five-cent, eight-cent and thirteen-cent. The thirteen-cent stamp is a large size pictorial while all of the others bear a portrait of King George. If you want to obtain these new stamps stamp dealers will sell them to you for approximately forty-five cents.

The Chinese Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Peiping is preparing a series of twelve new postage stamps from one-half-cent to fifty-cent denomination. Each stamp will show the portrait of a different martyr to the Chinese Nationalist cause. Five of the values have already been issued and we are able to show some to you. The eight-cent stamp shows a portrait of Chu Chih-Hsin and is orange red in color. The ten-cent dull violet pictures Sung Chiao-Jen. Huang Hsing appears on the twenty-cent copper brown and the forty-cent yellow orange. Both stamps are representative.

The new four-peseta, magenta stamp of Spain, pictured above, shows us the mighty fortress and castle of Alcazar of Segovia, the heart of the ancient kingdom of Castile. Segovia was a Roman stronghold with an aqueduct that dates from the time of Trajan and its fortress was originally built by the Moors. Only the façade of the original palace is in the Alcazar as it stands today, for again and again it has been destroyed, or partly destroyed, and then restored to its former glory. The stamp has been very neatly engraved and is quite attractive.

During the first week of December, Canada made certain extensions in her air mail route to the far North West Territories. Air mail service was established between Fort Resolution and Great Bear Lake, the planes flying via Rae. Those of you who have been following this column for any length of time know that this route was first established



three years ago with the flying of the planes from Fort McMurray to Aklavik on the Arctic Ocean. Six different cachets were used last month on this first flight mail and they are the usual very fine type of cachet applied on Canadian covers. Because some of you might have the earlier covers in your collection and would want these six latest additions, dealers have

a few extra covers in the first flight and if you want any you may buy the entire six for about one dollar.

A new postage value makes its appearance in the Colombian Republic. This was engraved by Waterlow and Sons in London. The new stamp is a twenty-cent deep blue with a portrait of Columbus in the center medallion, which we believe is the first time that this portrait has ever been used on a postage stamp in his honor. It is a full face view in court dress.

An old value comes from France in a new color. In the familiar Ceres, or Sower, type design, shown here below, we have the ten-centime stamp which makes its appearance in ultramarine. The new Peace design, shown below, is rapidly making its appearance among the stamps of France. New values are being added as fast as the old Sower type can be replaced. The three latest additions to the set are the seventy-five centime olive green, ninety-centime carmine and one franc-seventy-five centime lilac rose. In the same Peace design but one millimeter smaller both ways, we have one value which appears only in booklets composed of two panes of ten each with various advertisements printed along the margins of each pane. This is the fifty-centime red value.

A glance in résumé at the issues we have spoken about this month brings again to us the fact that stamp color has always been a matter of great importance to the stamp collector who is one by instinct. We saw a beautifully arranged collection the other day, put together by a Girl Scout troop of Brooklyn. We wish we had more space here to discuss it but perhaps the girls themselves will tell you about it sometime in another part of the magazine.

Let me say in passing that this collection was expertly arranged as to importance of issues, color and sequence. There were balance and symmetry in groupings, stamp value.





YOUR favorite story in the November issue turned out to be *Engine-Divil*, according to the number of letters we have received from you so far. And every single one of you who wrote about it liked Mrs. Hall's story. Be sure to let us know, though, when you don't like the stories. That is quite as important as knowing that you do like them. And be sure to tell us why.

EMILY ERSKINE of Madison, New Jersey writes, "I think that *Engine-Divil* was fine! I just lived with Judy as she drove the train up that hill. I think Esther Greenacre Hall is a wonderful authoress and I always enjoy her Kentucky mountain stories." Emily says she has been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for six years, and that she likes each copy better than the last.

Alice White of Westport, Massachusetts who has never written to us before wants especially to tell us how much she likes the Jo Ann and Scatter stories. Alice liked *Engine-Divil* very much, too. She says that Mrs. Hall described everything so well it all seemed very real. Bobbyle Mullins of Tucumcari, New Mexico liked it particularly because she thought it was very different from most stories. Carolyn Shaw of Framingham, Massachusetts says that in her opinion *Engine-Divil* is the best story Mrs. Hall has written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Betty Schumann of Western Springs, Illinois thinks that all the stories about the Kentucky girls are perfect.

MARY MACEY of Homestead, Florida says in her letter that "*Engine-Divil* was a darling story and I hope to have more by the same author." "I just had to write and tell you how I enjoyed the November issue," asserts Grace Kuehner of New York. "I especially enjoyed *Engine-Divil*."

LETTERS are still coming in fast about *The Laughing Princess*. Mary Macey, who liked *Engine-Divil* so much, writes that she thinks *The Laughing Princess* is the best serial that she has ever read in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Peggy Burke of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania says, "I think that the serial is a fine story and the illustrations are perfectly grand." For Margaret Helburn of Cambridge, Massachusetts *The Laughing Princess* improves with each instalment. She thinks, too, the *What's Happening* page is very good, and that it does not get enough mention on this page.

AUDREY WELLER of East Orange, New Jersey tells us that for her "*The Laughing Princess* gets more exciting with every instalment." She "can't wait until it is finished. The illustrations are very good, too."

## Well, of All Things!

JO ANN chalked up another hit for herself, too, in November. "I think the last Jo Ann story is the best yet," says Phyllis Cassedy of Newburgh, New York. "I laughed until my sides ached over it. I like all those stories, but that is certainly the best. Do, please, have some more very like it." On the other hand Audrey Weller, who likes the serial so well, says she didn't think *Jo Ann's Bandit* was so good as some of the other Jo Ann stories, although.

HAZEL BOWEN of Willimantic, Connecticut writes, "I just love the Jo Ann stories, and the last one is a riot. Leave it to Jo Ann to trap him in the cellar! She would do something just like that." "Jo Ann was funnier than ever this month," says Emily Erskine, who is quoted before on this page. "I just adore her—the expressions she uses and the way she acts are too funny. I wish that Ellis Parker Butler would write Jo Ann into a great, fat book so that we could enjoy her all at once." Margaret Helburn, one of the girls who liked the serial and wrote to tell us so, says, "*Jo Ann's Bandit* was very amusing and kept me very much in suspense all the way through."

THE article on making a dressing table seems to have filled a long-felt want. Patty Lund of Erie, Pennsylvania says, "My main reason for writing is to tell you how pleased I am with this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I was especially glad to see the article about the dressing table as I have been looking for an attractive one that I could make. So this article was a real life saver. I certainly was glad to see it."

MARILYN BRAGDON of White Plains, New York writes, "The November issue was the best you have ever had—at least I think so. I enjoyed it so much I decided to let my friends enjoy it, too. I read every single thing in it. For years I have searched magazines trying to find how to make a dressing table that was inexpensive. The article by Winifred Moses was just what I was looking for."

JEANNETTE GREENE of Upper Montclair, New Jersey writes to us about another of Miss Moses's articles. "Yesterday my November *AMERICAN GIRL* arrived and as I looked over your columns I found no mention of the article on dish gardens in the September issue. When we made a trip to the mountains we collected some very pretty ferns and mosses. Then I arranged them, with frequent references to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, in a fish bowl. Shortly afterwards one of the Montclair banks held a flower show. I entered my garden and was pleased to find that I'd won honorable mention. I thought that the article was very interesting and we are enjoying our dish garden very much."

A LETTER from Rhea Turrell of Bloomington, Indiana, the winner of the poster contest, says: "THE AMERICAN GIRL came at noon today and as a result I haven't prepared my Latin, English, algebra or history, nor washed the dishes. I wish I could write as interesting letters for the *Well, of All Things!* page as other people do, but the trouble with me is that I've never been able to decide which story I really like best."

ANTOINETTE COFF of Scarsdale, New York says, "Every time my magazine comes I sit right down and read it all through. The only thing that ever disappoints me in it is that there have not been any school stories for a long time. I hope there will be in the near future. This November's issue is the best since I started taking the magazine, and that's saying a lot."

CAROLYN SHAW, who wrote about *Engine-Divil*, liked Marion McCarroll's article very much. She says, "The article on newspaper work was great and I wish you'd have more stories and articles about that type of work." Carolyn says she thinks the whole magazine is very good.

BOBBYE MULLINS, one of the *Engine-Divil* fans, says she liked Miss McCarroll's article very much, too. She thinks Jo Ann was grand, as usual, and she says she is planning her dressing table now from Winifred Moses's article. She writes, "I'm just another enthusiastic admirer of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have been taking it for three years or more and look forward to its coming every month more than I do to any other magazine. I especially like Robb Beebe's and Edward Poucher's illustrations. I enjoy the covers and illustrations as much as I do the stories. All the illustrations are good. They seem to suit the story they picture very well—for instance, the Jo Ann and Scatter stories."



*An etching by Philip Kappel, courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries*

# Song

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE wind blows out of the gates of the day,  
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,  
And the lonely of heart is withered away,  
While the fairies dance in a place apart,  
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,  
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;

For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing  
Of a land where even the old are fair,  
And even the wise are merry of tongue;  
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,  
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,  
The lonely of heart is withered away."

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

JANUARY · 1933

## Code of the Coast

**H**OW the wind was blowing! As soon as Ruth Carson opened her eyes that morning, she heard it. And today of all days! To have a storm today!

She jumped out of bed and ran to the open window. Fine snow dusted the floor. She slammed down the window, and shivering, looked through it at the streak of dawn in the eastern sky. Even the closed window did not keep out the howl of the wind about the corners of the coastguard station house. It was blowing from the west, too.

A storm today!

Ruth had begun to dress hurriedly when the bell spoke. Just outside her window its brassy voice cried six sharp notes . . . one-two . . . one-two . . . one-two . . . Seven o'clock, that meant. Six bells by the chronometer. Time now for everyone at Dead Man's Choice to be stirring.

Overhead, in the sleeping quarters of her father's life-saving crew, Ruth could hear surfmen arising. She lighted the kitchen range, and then paused at her father's door. But his bed was empty. As keeper of the station, he had arisen before dawn, probably, to observe the weather.

She prepared a hearty, warming breakfast. A big man, with a hard, cold job must have plenty to eat a morning like this. Ever since her mother died three years before, when Ruth was fifteen, she had kept house for her father. And been happy to do it, too. Only today . . . a sob filled her throat.

"Weather making," Captain Carson said as he tramped in. He was a tall, blond man, with patient, light-blue eyes. Ruth saw, with more misgiving, that he already wore his heavy-weather clothes, a rubber jacket with padded shoulders to which the snow clung momentarily, tall stout rubber

boots, with dungaree breeches tucked into them. He added: "Good morning, daughter."

Ruth said: "Good morning, father. Very bad weather?"

Her father looked quickly at her. There had been an unnatural note in her voice. He remembered, suddenly, what day it was.

"Oh, no, not bad!" he said. "I'd forgot. This is the night of the party. Sure, you can go. It's just threatening. Nothing for you to worry about!"

But Ruth did worry. There weren't many parties. How could there be, for a girl living in as isolated a spot as this? To go to one tonight . . . in winter, a glorious, overnight party in winter, up in the great Evers house atop the hill . . . she couldn't miss it! It was fun just to go to the Evers house. Charlotte Evers's father had built it ten years before, when his

BUT THE OPERATOR REPORTED,  
"STATION DOESN'T ANSWER,  
LINE MUST HAVE BLOWN DOWN"

Illustrations

by

George

Tobin

By CLARICE N. DETZER

lumber and shipping business was centered here, and each summer had brought his family back to it for vacations. It was the finest house in all the county, a mansion meant for just such parties, and tonight five girls were to be there. They had come up from the city yesterday, and tomorrow Charlotte's father was to arrive to take them home.

Ruth looked out searchingly across the dark, rolling waters of Lake Michigan. Breakers tumbled over the wide arc of the reef that swept lakeward from Dead Man's Choice, as the rocky spit upon which the coastguard station stood was known to sailing men.

She poured her father's coffee, and he sat down, and forgetting weather momentarily, addressed himself to his food. Ruth, leaving him there, slipped into the living room for a minute. Above her father's desk, beside a lakeward window, hung the barometer. Its slim brass finger, marking last

night's reading, was many points above the black arrow which indicated the pressure now. She returned to the kitchen.

"Glass is falling," she said.

"Yes, I know."

"You think . . ." She couldn't finish. She knew well enough what duty was around a coastguard station. If there were signs of storm, you stayed at home to help.

"Oh, you can go to the party," her father said. "Don't worry."

But in spite of his words, his voice betrayed him. He was already worrying himself. Ruth knew why. His Number One man, second in command, was on leave. Numbers Three and Four were in the hospital at Cedartown, twenty miles away, as the result of the surfboat rolling on them two weeks before. And Number Eight, the cook, youngest member of the crew, had spilled boiling coffee over his legs last Saturday, and lay abed back in the village. That left four men for duty, for all night vigil in the lookout tower or patrolling the windy beach. Four men to help her father launch the boat if necessary.

The captain finished his breakfast quickly and hurried to the beach. This was the end of the shipping season. In a few days the great ore and grain and coal vessels would be at dock for the winter and his worries would be lessened. But until then, until the last ship was safe in port, all coastguardsmen must be constantly on the watch.

At noon the lake still tumbled sullenly. Ruth watched the barometer. Slowly, surely, it went down . . . down . . . down, warning of impending storm. Resolutely she went to the telephone and rang the Evers's country house.

"Ruth speaking, Charlotte," she said. "I'm sorry, but I can't come tonight." She heard Charlotte Evers's exclamation.

"But you must come! I'm counting on you." "I can't," Ruth said. "It's too stormy."

She tried to explain, but Charlotte wouldn't listen.

An hour later Ruth heard voices in the corridor. She opened the door, to discover Charlotte talking to the captain. How pretty she was, her cheeks stung red by the cold wind!

"Why, sure, she'll go," Captain Carson was saying.

Charlotte caught her in her arms. "Ruth, of course you're coming! Think of all the years we've planned this party! And we can't postpone it. Dad's coming up tonight, and tomorrow he'll take me home to Chicago. All the merry

five are there—they're girls you'll love . . . and . . ." she pleaded on until at length Ruth consented, against her better judgment.

"At six o'clock, if everything's quiet here, I'll come."

All afternoon she watched the lake and sky and the barometer. Its needle had ceased to fall now. Perhaps the storm would pass around. Perhaps, she reasoned, trying to justify her longing, she had been foolish even to consider staying at home. She dressed at five o'clock; at six she had crossed the dunes and arrived at the big house.

Charlotte met her at the door, and helped her shake the snow from her wraps and boots. Ruth went in shyly. She did not know these other girls. But suddenly it was all right. They were genuinely interested in her. They asked questions about life on the point, and storms, and ships, and wrecks.

"You must be very brave!" one of them exclaimed.

Again Ruth felt a catch in her throat. She wasn't brave. Nobody knew it better than she. If she'd been brave, she wouldn't have left the station tonight with half the crew away. She reproached herself again. Even the lights and warmth and music couldn't make her forget.

The dining room faced west where on clear nights one could see the flashing lighthouses on the islands fourteen



miles away. But snow obscured the lights tonight. Ruth, sitting at Charlotte's left, tried in vain to see out. They were eating, when the storm struck. Like heavy fists it beat the great house, shook its four corners, screamed with a thousand angry voices.

Ruth finished as quickly as she could. How slow the others were! When at last dinner was over, she said, "I'd like to telephone, Charlotte."

But the operator reported: "Station doesn't answer. Line must have blown down."

Ruth went back to Charlotte.

"I have to go," she said. Her voice was shaky.

"But you can't!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Not in this! Father will be here in the morning. I don't know how he's coming, but he'll get you home."

"No," Ruth insisted, "I must."

She stood firm against arguments, and at last, unwillingly, the others helped her into her wraps. The storm pelted her with snow as she set out. Sand from the dunes slashed like knives across her face; wind closed her eyes for whole minutes. She cut down the hill, around exposed, wind-lashed places, through a strip of woods, and finally emerged upon the dune.

She was still a mile south of the station, around the point. She bent her head into the wind and fought her way over the shoulder of the dune. Her breath came in gasps. She must halt at last, just a moment to regain her strength.

As she halted, a dim light shone across the water. It flared brighter, was extinguished by clouds of snow, turned clear again. Ruth

cried out. She understood that signal. Some vessel was in distress and calling for help. And they couldn't see the signal from the station! So far to the north, snow would obscure any light at that distance. Where was the coastguardsman on patrol? Had he already seen it and responded? Or was he doing his stint in the other direction?

In any event she must hurry!

Forgetting wind, she began to run. A mile! Would she never get there? Then the door slapped open, and her father, standing in the crew's lounging room, was staring in amazement at her.

"Ruth!"

"Call!" she panted. "Burning flare!"

"Flare?"

"I saw it, father, plain!"

"Nelson hasn't seen it; he's walking north——"

"But it's south, father, a mile south!"

"Call, men!" Captain Carson shouted. "Call!" With his three men he ran out into the yelling night.

Ruth slumped down into a chair. What if she hadn't come home! What if she had stayed at the party, and Nelson, on patrol to the north, hadn't seen the light for perhaps another hour! An hour meant drownings in such a storm! She jumped up. It would be hard work launching the boat. She quickly closed the dampers in all the stoves and followed the men.

The boathouse doors were open, and the men, cork belts already fastened about their chests, were knocking the blocks from under the cradle, ready to shoot the surfboat down its runway into the thrashing lake. Nelson was with them. He had just come back from his nightly patrol.

"You stay ashore, Bahle," her father was shouting to his



Number Seven man. "Someone'll have to 'tend the station."

"No!" Ruth objected. "I'll stay. You'll need the men!"

"You?" Captain Carson hesitated for only a moment. "You can do it? All right! Light a Costen to tell 'em we're coming. Keep up the fires, have coffee ready, and blankets. All set, men? Places!" His voice lifted. "Launch boat!"

The cradle moved. The white bow of the surfboat poked into the darkness. For a moment it hesitated as wind pressed against it. Then it swept forward, its crew running alongside, gripping the gunwales and pushing furiously.

Ruth saw gray water pile over it; saw it thrown back, launched again, thrown back, once more launched. They were off. The engine caught and, (Continued on page 47)



THEY MADE TEN POUNDS THE FIRST DAY



THE VISITOR HANDED HIS CARD TO DORIT



ATTRACTIVE WRAPPINGS ARE IMPORTANT



YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE DELICIOUS CANDY

# Living on Candy

ROSEMARY DOYLE tells how two girls did it. No—you're wrong—it wasn't their sole diet, but it provided their income

Illustrations by Miriam Bartlett

GO AHEAD, but you won't last long!" With those words a gloomy landlord left Iris Leonard and her sister, Dorit, in complete possession of the large basement kitchen of an old brownstone house in New York City. It was to be theirs for a month—at the cost of seventy-five dollars of their very small capital. It was their big chance to make a go of their chosen profession, candy making!

Haven't you flung yourself on the warm sands or on a shady lawn, or sat in a deep chair before the fire and daydreamed of running a shop of your very own? I have hundreds of times—and didn't do it. Dorit and Iris thought of it after they had tried to get every other sort of position for which a finishing school did not fit a girl in the days when your mother went to school.

Dorit closed the door on the gloomy landlord that momentous morning twelve years ago, her ardor quite undampened by his cheerless farewell. She beamed on each of the four walls of the musty kitchen; she beamed on the ceiling, on the dusty floor and on the huge gas range that needed de-rusting. "Come on, Iris," she said excitedly, "let's get this place cleaned up before night. We've just thirty days to earn the money for next month's rent. Time has to be money in this business venture!"

That was twelve years ago. Today Dorit's and Iris' names are known all over the country, not for their own candies, but for thousands and thousands of pounds of candy made by other girls and women. Today Iris and Dorit are known as the *Iridor* (Iris plus Dorit equals Iridor!) *Candy Making School*. They made count not only those first thirty days but every month after.

But to go back: they cleaned and scrubbed their basement kitchen until midnight. And promptly at eight-thirty the next morning proudly turned the key and entered their "place of business" to begin work. Every step of the way was a problem. They knew how to make candies, delicious candies. But the question was how much to make. How much would they be able to sell to the fashionable woman's club next door; to the people in the apartment building on the other side? Should they invest their small remaining capital in wholesale quantities of supplies? Should they this? Should they that? Should they, should they, should they? Every day held a long series of questions.

From the beginning of the enterprise Iris knew more about candy making, for she had spent eight years in Paris, Berlin and Vienna finishing her education. And when Iris was a girl, "finishing" for every young lady included many studies in the domestic arts. In France it was the custom for girls to specialize in making dainty underwear—sewing that was exquisitely fine. In Germany, cooking and home management took first place. But everywhere, whenever Iris had her chance at selecting a subject, she chose candy making. She learned to make French candies—bonbons, chocolates; German candies; candies that were favorites of the Viennese. She and Dorit both knew how to make dozens of American candies that had been their own favorites when they had hustled about the big New England kitchen of their girlhood home. Iris decided, on the first morning, that they would start in a big way—they would make ten pounds for their first day's business!

Five customers found their way into the little basement kitchen shop that first day—attracted more by the delicious candy odor than by the brave little sign out front. On the second day a bare dozen came to buy a pound or so of the delicious homemade candies they had so unexpectedly come upon in the midst of busy New York.

Dorit rejoiced. Iris said calmly, "Yes, it looks as if we shall be here another month." Day after day a few more customers were added to the daily total. Iris and Dorit expanded their selection, made larger quantities of the chocolate dips that everybody seemed to prefer. And they reveled in the excitement of the evenings' accountings, for that was proof that they were making a success of things. Customers began to return to their little basement kitchen shop for another box of bonbons, or of cream mints, of chocolates or of toffee. Through one of these customers—Dorit and Iris never knew (Continued on page 33)

# The Young Budgeter

By LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

JANUARY is the beginning of a new year—a good month to take stock of ourselves and of our resources of time and money. Haven't you asked yourself over and over again during the past year, "How can I find time to enter into this thing without giving up that one?" or "How can I pay my club dues and buy a new tennis racket?" With only twenty-four hours in the day and a limited amount of money to spend, most of us find it hard to do and to have everything we want. But, by planning ahead wisely, and using every available minute and penny to the best advantage, it is possible to add to the list of our activities to an amazing extent, and to make our money go much farther than we believed possible.

This planning, or budgeting, should be thought out according to your own individual needs. What is practicable for one person may be all wrong for another. However, there are a few basic principles that will help every young budgeter to make the best use of the resources at her command.

It is far more profitable and interesting if we think about the budgeting of money, time and energy all as the making of one plan.

You will find, I am sure, that if you have plenty of money to spend, you can get along with spending much less time and energy than if your money budget is small. I am sure you have already found this to be true when you have bought clothes or shopped for food for the household. But it is really more interesting to see what you can do with a small money budget, a larger time budget and a very large budget of energy than it is to have a lot of money, considerable time and very little energy.

Naturally, your budget will depend very largely on the budget of your family, and the more you know about that, the more intelligent job of cooperating and of spending your own budget you can do. It could be worse than your parents or yourself being too anxious about family money affairs, realize that this is a

Nothing worrying self by about the but you must time when everybody must plan carefully and when it is no disgrace for anyone to have very little money to plan with. When you are once sure that your part of the family money budget can be handed over to you without cramping family activities or depriving other people of their just share, you can go at your spending cheerfully and happily.

You probably have nothing to do with paying for shelter, food and other of the necessities of life. I

Decoration by

Katherine

Shane

Bushnell



suppose your budget covers clothes, recreation, membership in Girl Scouts and other groups, and the things which concern *you* rather than the entire family. Perhaps your family realizes that you represent them as well as yourself. If so, they and you will be even more interested and proud of your wise and efficient spending.

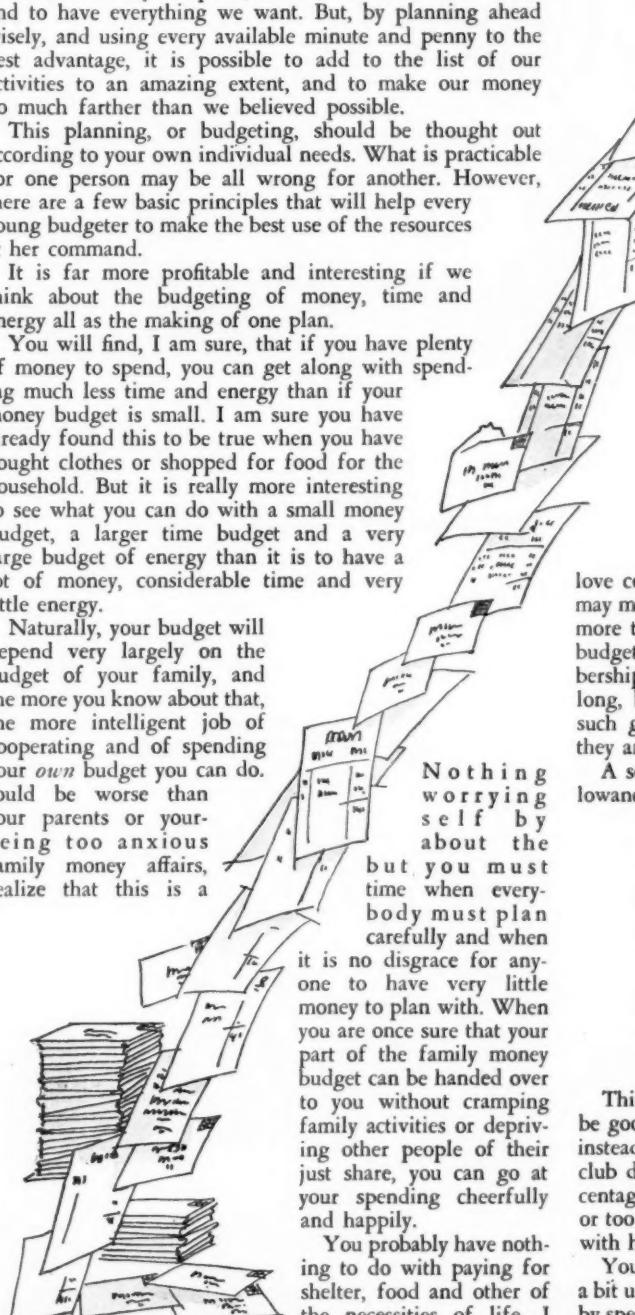
I am a firm believer in girls looking as well as they can, so I hope that you can plan to have not only the clothes you need but the clothes you want, because you will feel so much better in them and look happy because you feel so; and that is a tremendous asset to you, your family and the world at large. But before you concentrate on your clothes budget, you must think through all the other demands on your money and decide how much you can set aside to meet each. If you love concerts more than parties, a ticket to the Symphony may mean more than a new evening dress. If you love books more than movies, that may have its effect on your clothes budget as well. Of course, you will provide for your membership in Girl Scouts or any other groups to which you belong, both because of what it means to you and because such groups need your support and help at this time, if they are to do their part in community service.

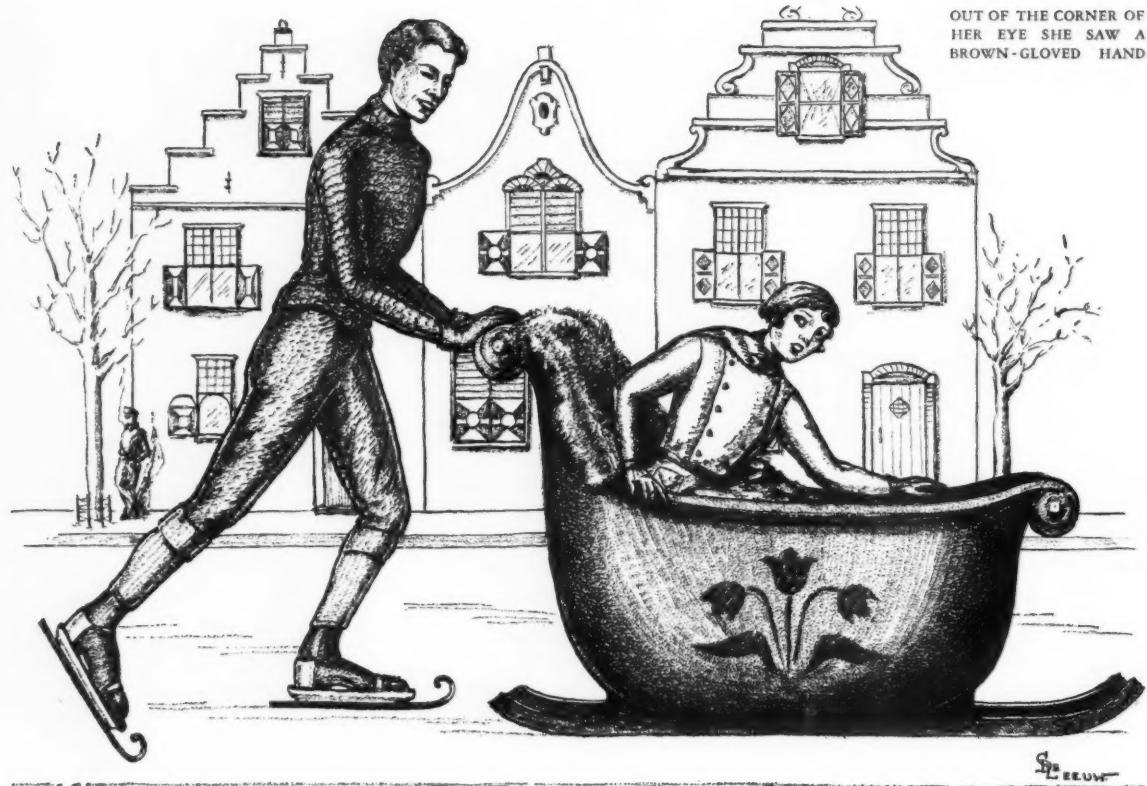
A senior high school girl found it best to divide her allowance according to the following percentages:

Dresses	25%
Underwear	13%
Stockings	4%
Shoes	11%
Hats	8%
Gloves	3%
Fall coat	10%
Accessories	1%
Toilet articles	2%
Amusements	7%
Miscellaneous	4%
Savings	12%

This was her spending plan for the year. Her fall coat will be good next year, so she will be able to buy a winter coat instead. Her miscellaneous division includes such things as club dues and gifts. You may find that certain of her percentages will suit you very well but that others are too large or too small. It will be interesting for you to compare yours with hers and to make adjustments.

You may find as you plan that you can earn a bit or save a bit unexpectedly to make your money budget larger, or that by spending more time in shopping (*Continued on page 44*)





# The Lucky Break

By ADÈLE DE LEEUW

Illustrations by Cateau de Leeuw

**M**IJNHEER MAARTENS pulled out his heavy gold watch and said confidently, "In exactly three minutes we shall be in Zwolle, in exactly three."

His wife laughed, turning to Alida, who was watching the flat Dutch landscape, powdered with a fine snow, rushing past the compartment window. "My husband has great faith in Dutch trains."

Alida smiled. She noticed that the young man sitting across from her in the compartment smiled, too, though he quickly looked down again at his newspaper. He had got in at Amsterdam and had apparently read most of the way, but he had never turned beyond the first page, and every time Alida looked up he seemed to be looking at her. She said now, to Mevrouw Maartens, "I'm beginning to have faith in them, too. They're hardly ever late. But why should they be? They have such short distances to go."

"That is the remark of one who is only half a Hollander," Mijnheer Maartens said. "But it is better than when you first came. Then it was all about America!" His eyes twinkled. He reached up to the rack above their seats and brought down painting-kits, wraps, hats. He helped his wife and Alida with their things and then swung his black cape about him and put on his broad-brimmed felt. Alida had a swift picture of him as she had first seen him, towering above her on the dune near Haarlem, cape flying, eyes searching for the hat that she had just rescued from a little dog's teeth—*bis* little dog it had turned out to be.

It was because of that chance meeting with the famous Adriaan Maartens, one of Holland's foremost painters, that she was still in Holland, that she was studying under him daily, and that she was on this train going to Zwolle for

the Sinterklaas festivities and the ice carnival, long-anticipated yearly.

The train rolled smoothly into the station. "Zwolle! Zwolle!" the station master cried. He was a resplendent figure in blue uniform and bright red belt and visored cap. "But his voice is twice as big as he is," Alida commented. The young man, she saw, smiled again. He, too, had risen and was collecting his luggage.

"That's why he is a station master," Mijnheer Maartens said heartily. He was in fine fettle. He had not been back to Zwolle for ten years, he said, and when the invitation from his wife's family had come, he had run about like a boy. "Marie, we must go! I am growing homesick thinking about it! And we must take Alida with us. Yes, that is the best idea of all—she must see the ice carnival. We will take Alida with us."

"But, Adriaan," Mevrouw had protested, "what will her cousins the van de Waters say? They will want her with them, surely, on Sinterklaas?"

"That," he had answered with an airy wave of his hand, "I leave to you. But mind you, Alida must go with us! Tell them they have had her for months on end, whereas we see her only as a pupil. If that does not do the trick, tell them I have said she must make some sketches of the carnival. And if that will not work—we shall simply take her with us anyhow!"

Uncle David and Aunt Geertruida had been very agreeable. They were still somewhat amazed that the great Adriaan Maartens had deigned to teach their little niece from America; had, in fact, discovered her for himself one day last summer and had been so enthusiastic about her talent that he had asked her to be his protégée—she, Alida

van de Water—whereas he was forever turning down other pupils because he said they had not sufficient originality to warrant his interest! However, her cousins, Corry and Klaas, were disappointed that she would not be in Haarlem with them, but they tried to be unselfish about it.

"Zwolle!" the station master shouted again. Mijnheer Maartens, for all his preparations, was in a great hurry. He leaned out of the door and shouted, "Portier!" and a white-shirted porter ran up. "Come, Marie! Come, Alida!" he called, herding them before him. The porter with their bags was far ahead down the platform. All at once Alida cried, "My camera!" and rushed back.

She counted compartment doors—was this the one they had been in? Yes, she saw the young man who had been sitting opposite her. He was still gathering his things together. She called through the lowered window, "Would you mind handing me my camera—I left it on the lower rack?"

"I was just going to see if I could find you," he said promptly. "I saw you leave it. I was going to ask you—"

"Alida! Where are you, Alida?" Mijnheer Maartens was calling, looking wildly about.

"Coming," she answered and, breathlessly to the young man, "Oh, thank you—I must run." She snatched the camera and raced toward Mijnheer Maartens with a reassuring smile. "Did you think I was lost?"

Over her shoulder she saw that the young man had clambered out of the train. So he was coming to Zwolle, too! She wondered who he was. She had never seen quite such blue eyes, and his smile was very infectious. Well, she'd probably never see him again—even if Holland *was* such a small country! And he *had* looked interesting. She found time to ponder on his last remark, "I was going to ask you—" What had he been about to ask her?

Mijnheer Prins was there to meet them—a big, bluff, hearty man with a ruddy face and a shock of iron-gray hair. "Well, Adriaan, this is splendid! D'you still know your way about?"

"Blindfold, Cornelis," he answered promptly.

"Since when am I Cornelis to my own brother-in-law?" the other demanded.

"Kees, then!" Adriaan Maartens laughed. "I thought you might have outgrown it. Kees, this is my pupil and good friend, Alida van de Water."

They walked through the sunny, snow-covered streets. The old houses looked new-washed, somehow, and festive. From somewhere a peal of bells rang out, and the five towers of the Sassenpoort pierced the brilliant afternoon sky.

"We haven't had such perfect weather conditions for twenty years," Mijnheer Prins said jovially, as if he had been responsible for this excellent arrangement. "When the canal froze over so unusually early, and then immediately afterward this fine, powdery snow fell, we decided to have the carnival right away. It makes a good combination—Sinterklass today and the carnival tomorrow." He turned to Alida. "You must forgive my wife and daughter's not meeting you. Everything is bustle and confusion. But Berta, at least, has promised to be home when we arrive."

The big house facing the canal had long windows that glistened in the light; a man was polishing the brass knocker; the trees in the garden were draped with snow, and a messenger boy on a bicycle raced up the brick walk to deliver a package. It made Alida think of Christmas at home. She had been afraid she would be homesick. But so far she hadn't been. There was the same feeling of excitement in

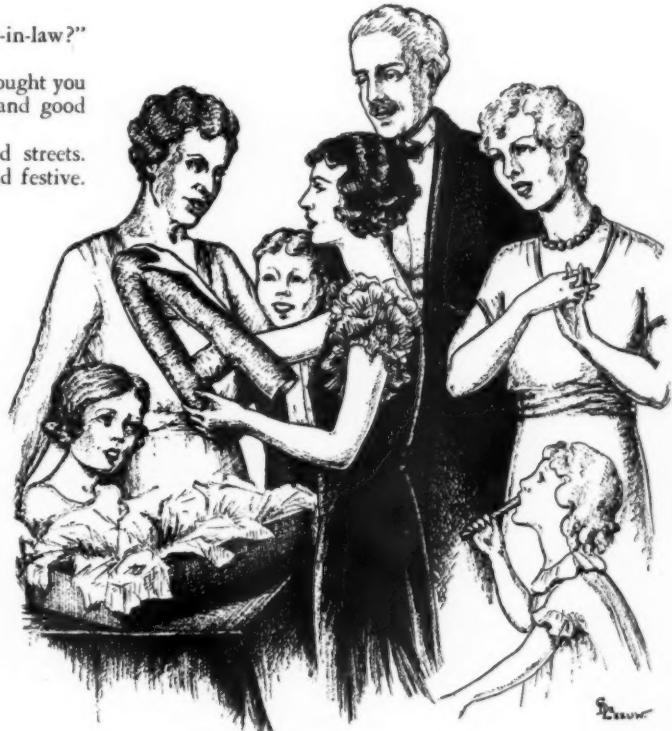
the air; the celebration of St. Nicholas, on the evening of the fifth of December, was very much like the Christmas festivities in America. This, as she knew, was looked upon as the "children's day"—although the grown-ups participated in it as much as the children—whereas Christmas Day, the twenty-fifth, was entirely a religious celebration.

Berta, a girl of her own age, met her in the hall and made her feel at home immediately. "Mother will be here soon. We've been looking after last minute details—you know how it is. Come, I'll show you your room, and then we'll get acquainted." Alida's room was on the third floor, overlooking the water. She went over to the window at once, exclaiming over the view.

"The men are sweeping the race track," Berta pointed out. "It's a perfect one this year. Those are the booths that are going up—I hope they get everything done in time. And won't it be attractive with the colored lights?"

She chattered on, telling Alida about her brother Jan, who would be in for dinner, and about the party that she had planned for the next evening in Alida's honor. "I was able to get every one I wanted, too," she said with pride. "It isn't easy at carnival time. Everybody, that is, except Derk Brevoort, and he was to be the chief attraction. His mother said if he got back from the university in time, he'd surely come. You'd like him—he's—he's—well, just wait until you see him. I hope he comes! He and Jan and I used to play together. Can I help you?"

Alida was unpacking her bag, trying to keep hidden the packages which she had brought along as her gifts for the Sinterklass celebration. It had been difficult to know what to buy for her host and hostess, but Mevrrouw Maartens had helped her. "And after all," she had said, "it's the verses and the little jokes that go with the gifts, and the fact that they're all anonymous, that makes for the fun." How often Alida had heard her Dutch father tell about his participation in Sinterklass, about the guessing and the treasure hunts and foolish rhymes! But taking part in it yourself was different.



ALIDA HELD UP A LARGE, BROWN, SUGARY, MOST DELICIOUS-LOOKING LETTER "A"

She had barely time to smooth her shining hair and change into a velvet frock before the gong announced dinner and Berta, flushed of face, came down the corridor to knock at her door.

The dinner hour, for all its deliberate service and many courses, had a quality of excitement. Even the servants seemed to share in the general tenseness. At last, after fruit and coffee, the little company gathered in front of the great closed doors that led to the drawing room. Mijnheer Prins, who was master of ceremonies, asked importantly, "Are you all here?"

"Yes, yes! No, where's Berta? *Berta!*" She came running down the stairs, her yellow hair flying. "Here I am—I forgot something."

"You forgot something every time," one of her small cousins grumbled. "Oh, do let's hurry. I can't wait."

The doors were flung open, and they surged forward. Alida let out a little exclamation of pleasure. The high-ceiled room was lit with many tall white candles, and a fire glowed on the wide hearth. In the soft and flickering light the red hangings shimmered, the polished floor reflected the gleam; the brass candlesticks, the copper kettle and the *dooftpot* on the tiles glistened richly. The windows were hung with pine boughs, and against the sills lay white fingers of snow.

But the center of attraction was the large table, entirely covered, heaped high and running over with packages—large and small packages, square, oblong, rectangular, round, and fantastically shaped packages, wrapped in all kinds of paper with all kinds of ribbon. The little cousins could not contain themselves. They jumped up and down and shrieked, "Let's begin, let's begin!"

None of the gifts bore more than the printed name of the person for whom it was intended. Anonymity was the order of the evening, and as the evening progressed, the hilarity and the guessing mounted until the room rang with laughter. "Ssh!" Berta commanded finally. "I want to read this out loud." And when comparative silence had fallen, she read:

On one condition you may keep  
This box for odds-and-ends. I mean  
It must be kept within your drawer—

She paused. "You can't stop now," her audience shouted. "Go on to the bitter end. You must finish now you've started." Reluctantly, with flushed face, Berta continued:

And you must keep that drawer *clean!*

She threw the paper on the floor and looked around. "Now who could have sent that? Jan, you did—you wicked boy! You know you did." "Never," Jan denied. "I wouldn't treat a sister like that—I know better."

"Well, it couldn't have been anyone else—unless—" She seemed to have a sudden thought. "Let's get on with the other things," she said quickly. "Mother, do open that package you're holding."

Mevrouw Prins undid the string that bound it. Then she took off a layer of brown paper; then a layer of white. She unfastened the knots on the gilt cord that tied the box, pried off the lid, which was stuck—purposely, Alida was told—and took out another package. She threw wrappings to right and left; the package grew smaller and smaller. There was another box; more paper; a smaller box; more paper; a still smaller box. And inside that—they crowded

closer to see—a lovely cameo brooch. She leaped up, scattering papers and strings, and said to her husband, "How beautiful! You knew I wanted this!"

But he disclaimed, "My dear, if I had known, I'd have got it for you long ago!" She turned in puzzlement to the circle of faces, all smiling, all bland—all secretive. "It *must* have been you," she said then to her husband.

"Well, I'm flattered, of course, that you think so," he murmured, "but I really must not take the credit—for this!" And later, when Mevrouw Prins received a string of carnelians, mounted with antique gold clasps, she believed that the cameo must have come from someone else—but from whom?

Berta was puzzling over her white woolly beret and scarf and her embroidered slippers. Jan chased Berta around the room when he discovered a gaudily wrapped pocket mirror and comb, with an amusing verse accompanying them. The doorbell rang at intervals and one of the maids brought in new packages which, she said, had been left at the door by a messenger. These gifts caused more guessing than any of the others, and no one seemed really sure who had sent anything.

Alida's head whirled; her cheeks were bright with excitement. Her own gifts were charming—she felt, of course, that the circle of friends from whom they had come was necessarily limited; from the van de Waters in Haarlem, from Mevrouw and Mijnheer Maartens, and the Prinses—but which person had given her the suède sports jacket, which the box of fine pastels, which the large bottle of eau de Cologne?

She was as much in the dark as any of the others. And glad of it. Not knowing who had sent things had its advantages, she thought. It kept you busy wondering all year long—unless something happened to give the donor away! Why, some of her presents might have come from her mother and father in America! She wouldn't know until she went home again, perhaps, but it was a happy and comforting thought.

Berta was opening a little envelope that she had found at the bottom of an immense box. She took out the card and read in a breathless voice, "If you look in the linen closet you may find something of interest—a *treasure hunt!*" she cried. "Oh, Alida, you must come and help me! This is the best fun of all!" Together, and with the rest of the company following on their heels, they hurried to the linen closet, Berta, in frantic haste, placing the sheets and towels on the floor, with no one to raise a voice in remonstrance.

There was nothing there. The little cousins were full of advice. She pulled open the drawers underneath, but there was nothing there either. At last, just as she was about to turn away, her

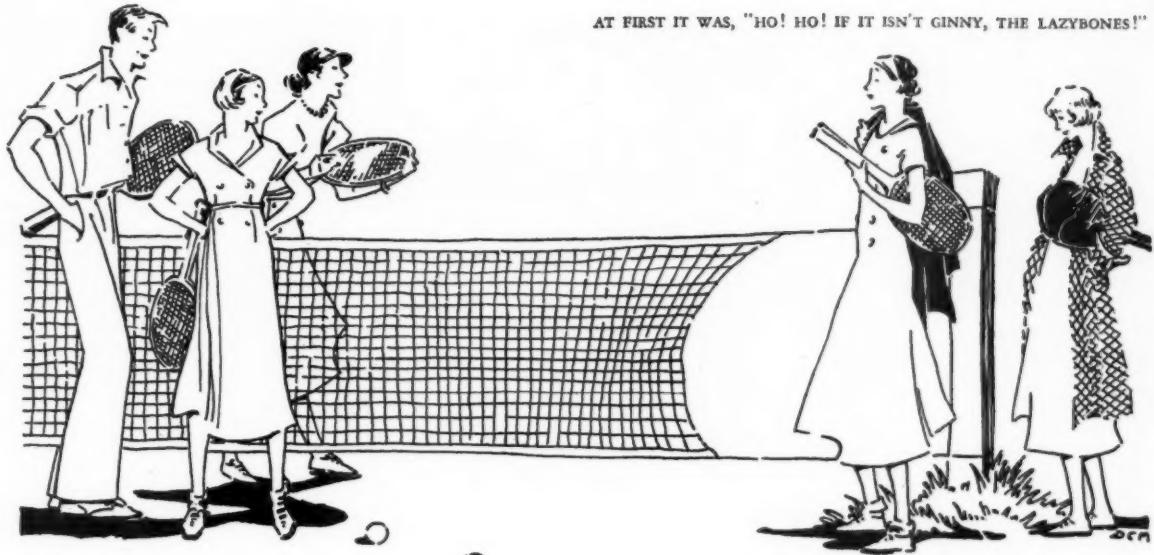
eye was caught by a minute piece of paper dangling inside from a hinge. She pulled it off and read. "On the *stoep*."

Downstairs they ran, snatching wraps as they went. Tied to a spindle was a note. It contained the cryptic message, "Inside something very tall, but not in cellar, garret, or hall." Berta asked dramatically, "Now what does that mean? If it's not in the cellar, or in the garret, or in the hall, where could it be?" Everyone offered suggestions. They all followed her from place to place—some possible, some impossible.

"Perhaps it means the summer-house!" Jan said suddenly. "Bring candles—Maartje, bring candles!" everyone (Continued on page 40)



AT FIRST IT WAS, "HO! HO! IF IT ISN'T GINNY, THE LAZYBONES!"



## "I Am a Girl Who—

*was so afraid of being a 'dud' that I wouldn't try to do any of the things I really wanted to do—dive or dance or swim or play tennis—until I realized how foolish my fears were"*

WHAT did you think you were on, Ginny—my name being Virginia—a rocking horse or one of the carousel chargers?" That's the way I was razed at dinner after letting my horse toss me into a ditch and trot off without me, because I wasn't guiding him properly. But instead of laughing it off and making up my mind to "show them" next time, I made a sickly face and wouldn't ride any more. That's just the way I was. I could swim pretty decently when I first went to boarding school, Dad having taught me when I was a kid, but would I go into the pool and learn to dive? Not I. I overheard another girl jeered at as a "dud" because she hit the water flat every time she tried a dive, and that was enough for me. Not that the other girl cared a hoot what they said; she was going to dive or die, and she did—dive, I mean, eventually. But I'd rather have died a non-diver than made such an exhibition of myself learning.

It was the same with dancing. I was awkward, or thought I was anyway, and I hated the class routine of learning how, just because I couldn't catch on to it all at once. So what would I do but fake a cold or a headache or any handy misery and go to the infirmary for a day or two at a time, deadly dull though that was, rather than go to dancing class. In summer I balked at camping because I hated feeling myself a tenderfoot, although I said it was because the bugs poisoned me and my feet blistered from hiking; and in winter I sidestepped skating, hating to show myself clumsy but saying, "I simply couldn't stand that cold. You will have to excuse me." That's the way it would have gone all my life, I suppose, me missing everything, or seeing it from the sidelines, just because I couldn't bear being a dud at first and having others who could do better laugh at me. But Arline came and saved what was left of me.

She was there when I got home one summer vacation, and what a puny, pale little mite she was! Fourteen years old, or

Illustration by Decie Merwin

all but, didn't look much more than ten, and shy as a scared rabbit. Her mother, who was my mother's dearest schooldays chum, had been an invalid most of Arline's life and evidently the girl had spent most of the time hanging about her mother's chair or bed. Her father was away on business in the tropics where her mother and she couldn't live. Then Arline's mother had died and willed her to my mother, you might say, at least until she could be with her father.

"We must be very gentle with her," my mother said, "but we must induce her to do many things she has never tried before." The doctor had said she must live out of doors as much as possible and, above all, she had to *play*. She was bright, knew plenty out of books and could play indoor sitting games but not an outdoor sport did she know a thing about. Here was surely my chance to shine; however poor I was Arline couldn't ridicule me. She took to me from the first, too, and plainly thought I was something to admire. I might be a wallflower with the mad bunch at school but with Arline I was queen of the garden.

Don't worry, the joke was soon on me when I found I'd have to work hard to earn this admiration if I was to keep it. Besides that, Arline had to be urged and encouraged in every lively game, she was so timid and unused to such things, and yet she had to do them, and I was the one to keep her at them. Right away mother saw to it that we took riding lessons. Of course, I had had some and knew pretty well how riding should be done, but I had no form and was careless. Now I had to pay heed and do my best so that Arline shouldn't get wrong habits from the first, for she always watched me, she thought it was so wonderful I already knew how to do things she didn't—I was only a little more than a year older than she. Then mother put us up to playing tennis, which I had always pretended I loathed. There were some fairly decent (Continued on page 49)

# The Laughing Princess

By MABEL CLELAND

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

ROSAMOND dragged her brother to the door which connected the room in which they had been waiting with that in which Mary and Charles Brandon were seated, their heads close together, deep in a plan to secure their happiness. "Quick, your Majesty!" she cried in a low voice. "The King is coming! Let me take your place. Go you with my brother! Lady Marjorie has brought the King here to spy upon you. She knows he will flame with jealousy and seek your downfall, if he can! Please go!"

Mary got to her feet. Without a word she slipped through the door that Hugh held wide for her. Rosamond dropped down in place of the young Queen and began to talk about her home in a loud, clear voice.

"And did you see the tiny foxes?" she asked. "Hugh says they are a clever lot, as pretty as a batch of red-furred kittens. You'd die to hear their names! There's one he calls Columbus because it is more daring than the others!"

Lady Marjorie in the hallway, her finger on her lip, pointed to the open door.

"Look for yourself, your Majesty," she said. "You will find them billing and cooing quite as I told you!"

The King put his eye to the crack in the door and drew back with a snarl of rage.

"That is not Queen Mary! That is her maid-in-waiting," he said. "Would you make a fool of me?"

"Did I hear you speak my name?" Mary asked sweetly. She came from the room next door and stood looking at the King and Lady Marjorie who both did blush to be found out this way.

"I heard that Charles Brandon had been sent from England to bear you condolences from your brother," Francis said in his unpleasant nasal voice, "and since he has not as yet paid me his respects, I thought I'd come to him——" he added lamely.

"And it was not at the Lady Marjorie's bidding?" Mary asked slyly, "or has she merely formed the habit of escorting you about——"

The older woman's queer green eyes were flashing as she lowered them to the ground but Francis who was furious with her for getting him into such a scrape, turned and dismissed her curtly.

"Would you give me a few minutes of your time, your Majesty?" Mary inquired still sweetly. The King nodded. Together they went into the other room, and Mary shut the door behind them. Then she went up to the King and laid her hand a moment upon his arm.

"The Lady Marjorie hates me," she began, "and would do anything to hurt me. I know she brought you here to spy on me. She hoped that she'd make trouble; that you would send Charles Brandon back to England in disgrace. She is in love with him and would do anything to get him for herself. Oh, why can't you and I be friends? I am so alone in this great land of yours and I so desperately need a friend to help me now." Mary looked up at the King. She was using all her wiles and charms to win him to her side.

Francis took her small hand in his. His homely face flushed as he bent and kissed it. Soon Mary began to tell the King of her love for Brandon; and of her brother's promise that upon the death of King Louis she might return to England and marry Brandon. "He has even made him Duke of Suffolk so I need not marry a commoner——" she ended.

"You think your brother will forgive you if you marry Brandon? I doubt it very much," the French King said.

"He plans to force you to another dynastic marriage——"

"He would not be so cruel!" Mary cried. But Francis looked out the window. He did not

answer. A plan was taking shape within his mind. If Mary were not for him—and he knew now that, in spite of anything he might do, this could never be—at least he could keep her from making another marriage that would more than ever strengthen England's power. He knew there was talk of marrying her to Charles of Spain whom she had refused in order to marry Louis. Safely married to Charles Brandon she would be out of the way.

Mary shook her head.

"I do not know if Henry would forgive me or not," she said sadly, "if what you say is true, and he plans another marriage for me. But married to Charles Brandon I should not care if he did rave and shout! I should have my Charles, you see!"

King Francis rubbed his hands together as he said, "I think we can arrange it."

"You mean it?" Mary cried, beside herself with joy. "Oh, Francis, you have made me so happy!"

"You shall marry Brandon," Francis said. "I give you my royal word."

"And may I tell him now?" she asked, but not waiting for his answer she turned and left the King alone. She ran into the next room, her pretty hands outstretched.

"Oh, Charles!" she cried, "you've got to marry me! The King and I have it all arranged! You have only to obey! Francis is our friend. He says that we may wed at once. Lady Marjorie will die of envy when she hears of this, for instead of getting me in trouble she has given me my heart's desire. I find I have only forgiveness for her in my heart."

Charles arose and went across the room. He took her slender hands and held them gently in his larger ones. But he looked down at her with cloudy eyes.

"Your brother will never forgive us if we do this thing. First we shall have to ask his consent," he said.

"Oh, you are wrong!" Mary cried. "He'd never give it to us! He plans another royal marriage for me. Ask Francis if you don't believe me! But I am bound to marry you! I'm weary of all else!"

Rosamond motioned to Hugh. Together they slipped from the room leaving the lovers alone.

"Will you be free for a time?" Hugh asked his sister. "I'd like to go see something of Paris; perhaps seek for your friend Master Willoughby."

Rosamond ran to get her outdoor clothes, and as she passed the open door of Mary's small room the Queen called to her.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Out for a walk if you have no need of me," Rosamond answered.

"No, I shall have no need of you," Mary said. "This stubborn Charles of mine insists upon putting up men of straw for me to wrestle with! I do confess I wonder if he really wants to wed me, so many, many reasons he has given for not doing so!"

"Oh, darling, you know I seek only to make things easier for you," Charles said. "I know your brother's wrath—none better——"

"Let us return to that a little later," Mary replied making a little loving face at him. She turned back to Rosamond.

"You'll freeze to death, you silly child," she said. "See, it begins to snow a little though it is nearly spring! Go



THEN AN IDEA BORN OF SHEER DESPERATION PROMPTED HER TO WALK TOWARD THE CROWD. SHE MUST SAVE HUGH AT ANY COST.

back, put your swansdown cloak about you and take the coach. It will be much pleasanter in this weather."

Rosamond promised she would wear the cloak. She came down later with it wrapped about her. Mary had bought two just alike and the shopkeeper had been so delighted with the bargain that he had added two matching white caps—the only difference being a pair of pink ribbons on the Queen's, blue on Rosamond's. But since Mary had always liked blue best, they had changed after they left the shop. Now Rosamond wore her white cap too, its rosy ribbons tied beneath her chin.

She had ordered the coach while she was dressing. Already it stood before the door, four black horses pawing at the snowy ground, their hot breath a veil of steam, their driver muffled to the ears against the cold. The coach was handsome, large, painted gold, the royal emblem in red upon the door. Hugh handed her in, then leaped in beside her. They settled themselves comfortably, drawing up the rich fur robes about their knees. It was very cold and Rosamond was glad to have her swansdown drawn about her. Twilight was falling rapidly, already the streets were gray with it. Rosamond, hugged in her swansdown cloak, settled down to watch the people from the window on her side of the coach. Silently they passed in the graying light, like flittering shadows in a dream.

Suddenly there was a terrific jolt and the coach stopped. Rosamond and Hugh heard the frightened neighing of the startled horses, the sharp ring of steel in the cold air, the muffled sound of men's angry voices.

"A street fight!" Hugh cried with a boy's keen delight for any new excitement. He jumped out and ran on swift feet to where a crowd of men had gathered in a ring about a

tall broad-shouldered figure who with drawn sword was fighting desperately a half dozen smaller men with evil dark faces. Hugh pushed his way up to the front and stood there gaping. Never had he seen such sword play in his life! The tall Englishman with six against him seemed to hold his own with comparative ease. But as Hugh watched in admiration one of the six slipped around behind the taller man and as he did so Hugh cried out in alarm—for he recognized in the Englishman Rosamond's and his father's friend, Master Willoughby!

The man who had crept up behind had not been quick enough for Willoughby who turned and caught him neatly, sending his sword through the caitiff's arm. The man howled like a stuck pig, threw his sword upon the ground and ran off toward the tavern. The other men fought harder now and Hugh, quick to note any change, saw that Willoughby was growing tired. His arm moved slower and although his strokes were just as brilliant, somehow they lacked strength behind them. Then Hugh saw the reason for this failing strength! A crimson spot was growing ever larger on the front of the Englishman's doublet. Hugh leaped into the fight. As he drew his sword he shouted, "I'll help you, Master Willoughby!"

"Master Willoughby!" One of the five spat out the words between his teeth as if he hated their very sound. "That's not his name! He's Roger Bolton! A dirty spy! That's who he is!"

Hugh almost dropped his sword in surprise and delight. But when one of the men pricked his arm and hot blood spurting from the wound ran down over his hand, he became desperate. His father! Together they fought in silence for awhile, cold steel meeting cold steel in the frosty air.

Then they managed to get back to back. That way it was easier. Once Hugh managed to whisper through clenched teeth, "I am Hugh—your son—father—"

The words seemed to give the older man needed strength, for another of the five was wounded, run neatly through by Bolton's red-smeared sword. Rosamond, clinging to the window of the coach, lost her head completely when she saw the blood streaming from Hugh's arm, staining his hands and sword.

"Hugh! Hugh!" she cried, but no one heard her, for her voice was drowned in the noise the men were making, and in the groans of the wounded man who lay upon the ground. She did not know, as did Hugh, that the tall Englishman was her father. She had not heard the man call out his real name. She thought he was Willoughby, the Englishman who had saved her from the drunken man that twilight evening on her way back from Cluny Mansion. She saw that he was wounded too, that the odds were almost too much for him and Hugh.

Then suddenly a brilliant and daring idea born of sheer desperation seized her. She threw the coach door wide and climbed out on the snowy ground. She walked toward the crowd, and placed her hand upon the shoulder of the first man she met. He turned to glare at her but she raised haughty eyes to his face.

"I am Queen Mary," she announced, "and I forbid that fight to continue. It is not fair to allow such heavy odds. We do not fight that way in England! Go! Command them to stop. Those who keep it up shall be put to death!"

The man laughed, but a woman next to him nudged him slyly and pointed to the royal coach that glistened in the twilight of the narrow street.

"She speaks the truth," she hissed. "See, there's the royal emblem on the door!"

Her words attracted another man in the crowd who when he saw Rosamond hurried forward. It was the shopkeeper from whom Mary had bought the swansdown cloaks. He bent his knee before the girl as he said, "Your Majesty! May I be of help to you?"

"Go! Stop that wicked fighting!" Rosamond commanded again. But the first man was already there, fearful of his life for laughing at her who now seemed to be the Queen. Through the joint efforts of the shopkeeper and this man the crowd fell back, and the four small dark men who were still unwounded, having lifted up their companion who lay upon the ground, began to carry him off. Others were about to lay hands on Hugh and his father. The latter had lost so much blood that he was leaning on his son for support.

"Stop!" Rosamond again commanded. "Escort those two men to my coach. The younger is brother to my maid-in-waiting!"

"The other is a spy!" the shopkeeper said in a low voice. "Luigi himself did say so. You'd best to leave him here!"

"Do as I command!" Rosamond cried sharply from the coach into which she had

climbed again. They placed the older man beside her but so hard was he bleeding that soon her swansdown cloak was stained with crimson. Hugh followed; the coachman touched up the horses; the crowd parted; and the coach swung through.

Upon reaching Cluny Mansion the coachman helped by two servants assisted Hugh and his father from the coach. Just as the small procession was starting up the stairs, Queen Mary threw wide the door of her apartment and looked out at them, vast astonishment in her eyes.

"What's happened, Rosamond?" she demanded.

"This wounded man is Master Willoughby. I told you how he saved me from the drunken man outside the tavern months ago—and today we found him put upon by half a dozen men. Hugh jumped in and helped—and was wounded too. I brought him here—not knowing what else to do—" Rosamond said with a deep curtsey.

"I would say you did the fitting thing," Mary replied sweetly. "See that he gets the best of care," she told the servants. "And someone make haste to bring a physician."

Mary was a-thrill with the adventure and vowed that Rosamond was the cleverest girl she had ever heard of.

"And you do not mind my boldness?" Rosamond asked shyly, for she had feared she might have presumed too much.

"Mind! I should think not!" Mary cried. "I would that I might give you my title of Queen. Now that I am to wed Charles Brandon, I care not what else happens. Nor do I crave to hold to any ties that bind me to the past."

"Does Charles Brandon now believe that your brother will forgive you both?" Rosamond asked.

Mary shook her head.

"That is the only fly in my ointment," she said. "He cannot bring himself to believe that Henry will forgive us," Mary sighed. "I would that there was someone I might send to Henry, to put the matter carefully before him and to plead our cause. Someone I should trust—"

The two girls sat in silence. Suddenly Mary half turned, and putting her arms around Rosamond's shoulders asked, "I wonder if you would do this thing for me? I know I trust you absolutely. And Henry likes you—besides he'd have to listen to you because he owes a debt to you, for you did come to France with me against your wishes and at his command. Oh, Rosamond, would you do this monstrous thing for me? Will you?"

Rosamond drew back. Her lips shook while her eyes searched the Princess' as though she sought to find if she really meant all this. Was Mary truly serious in what she had said? Would Rosamond have to make the long, long journey back to England all alone?

"That I shall do for you, if you so desire!" she said.

Mary kissed her fervently.

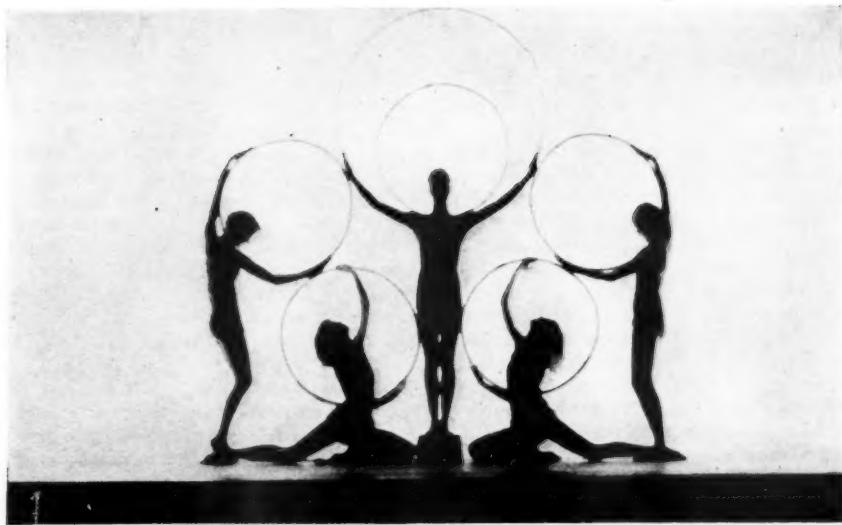
"Thank you a thousand times, my sweet ambassador!" she cried. Then as she drew back and looked at Rosamond, her dark eyebrows came together in a little frown.

"We must do something that will change your appearance," she said, "else the (Continued on page 34)

*For what has happened so far in this story see page thirty-six*



"PLEASE CUT THE BACK PART OF MY HAIR."



WE CAN'T ALL BE DANCERS BUT, BY WATCHING THEM, WE CAN LEARN MUCH ABOUT BODY BALANCE

# That Streamline Figure

I KNEW my figure wasn't streamline, yet I flattered myself it would "get by"—until the posture expert made the scales fall headlong from my eyes.

Most of us stand either well or badly without knowing how or why. Myself, I'd never given much thought to my posture or carriage. I knew the fashion scouts on Fifth Avenue never wheeled as I passed and no man ever swooned at my dancing. But this didn't worry me much. There were certain facts about my length and breadth that were comforting; chiefly, that without counting calories—always a strain—I could still wear size sixteen, while many of my former college classmates were buying size forty and upward. As long as the scales weren't mounting and I could still walk fast without puffing, I was as content as the ostrich which hides his head in the sand.

Then came the day when the posture expert stood me before a full length mirror, clad in a scant, little bathing suit which revealed each cruel fault. Because an honest confession is good for the soul, I'll tell you what she said.

"Let's begin at the ground and work upward," she said, in a crisp, efficient voice which convinced me she knew her business and that I should hear the unvarnished truth. "First, your arches are falling. Your feet aren't properly placed on the floor. If you don't mend your ways, you'll have flat feet. You have one knocking knee; your hips protrude; you are sway-backed, round shouldered; and there's that collar button on the back of your neck which, when ladies grow old and fat, is called the 'dowager's hump.'"

Well—being naturally rugged, I didn't faint. I just weakly sat down in a chair and said in a wee, small voice, "Is that all?"

But no, it seems it wasn't.

"How tall are you?" she asked.

Her measuring stick showed five feet, six and one-half inches without shoes.

"If you really stood straight, you'd be one inch taller."

"But I don't want to be taller!" I cried. "In a pair of French heels on the dance floor, unless I'm lucky and draw a six footer, I tower over my partner like a polar bear."

"Be sensible, young woman. Nature designed a certain height for you and to be normal you must reach it." Her eye

By MARGARET NORRIS

swept the big letter S in my back like the old-fashioned Gibson girl.

"We must pull out those curves. If your spine were straighter, naturally it would be longer. You'd be a trifle taller, but it would help your figure. Your hips would tuck-in underneath you; your sway-back would disappear and so would your round shoulders. So would that ugly collar button, if you held your head properly. Think how much handsomer you'd be!"

I looked in that too truthful mirror and was forced to admit she was right. Why hadn't someone told me this years before when I was in my 'teens and supple?

This was my first object lesson in the streamline figure—but not my last, for it opened my eyes to faults I could correct. I went back to the posture expert and asked her to teach me what good posture means. What she said was so simple and helpful, I am passing it on to you. It's common sense backed up by science, therefore not a fad. In a nutshell, it's this:

The streamline figure, like the streamline car, is a matter of body mechanics—the proper distribution of weights for equilibrium and balance. The streamline car has graceful flowing lines which give speed without effort, offering the least resistance, the greatest economy of motion. That's why it gets the prize at the motor show. It's simply a matter of mechanical design, an engineering problem. The same is true of the human structure, in which nature is the engineer. It's only when we mar nature's design that posture and carriage become awkward. Though all this sounded like Greek at first, it became clear as she worked with me.

One thing that streamline does not mean, she said in digest, is "thin as a drink of water." Better to make this clear at the start; it will save later confusion. You may diet until your shoulders are like razor blades and still stick out in the wrong places. There are probably as many thin girls who stand badly as there are fat ones. The thin ones sometimes get away with it better since they have less to conceal.

Take, for example, Mary Wigman, that amazing German girl whose dancing has captivated the world. No dancer for a decade has created such a sensation. Mary Wigman isn't a featherweight; she only moves like one. If you've been fortunate enough to see her, you know she's sturdily built, yet

when she spins round and round in her Whirl Dance, wearing a poppy leaf dress, or leaps like the wind in her Storm Dance, she is as light as thistledown. She dances not with her feet alone but with her entire body. In her movements is a harmony like the rhythm of flowing water.

Streamline is more than merely slender. It means proper build plus muscular control, to give body balance and coordination. We see it in Helen Wills on the tennis court; in Glenna Collett swinging a golf club; sometimes in a swimmer poised for a swan dive; sometimes in a girl who walks well down the street. All our unbeatable athletes have streamline grace. It helps explain why they *are* unbeatable. Their bodies are properly put together—years of the right sort of training have made each movement skillful, complete and, apparently, effortless. Notice the balance of the dancers in the picture on page 19. The center girl, by the way, has the three holes from ankles to above the knees, which should be present when standing with the legs close together. They move easily because they move correctly—but one must stand well before one can move well. Carriage and posture are interdependent. But so as not to put the cart before the horse, let's first talk about posture.

To most of us good posture means something stiff and over-erect. The words "stand up straight" suggest the picture of an army captain—heels clicked, knees locked, chest thrust forward like a pouter pigeon, back so stiff it must hurt to bend it. And when he walks off, carefully toeing out, he moves as if he were a wooden soldier.

But this isn't the way your favorite dancer or movie star stands or moves, is it? She glides through the picture with lissom ease that is anything but military. It has been said of Marlene Dietrich that she moves with "hipless grace." But cheer up! She has hips just as you have. She merely knows how to carry them.

For the human body was built to move, not to stand still like a statue. As nature designed it, it's a flexible structure whose foundation is a bony skeleton. These bones, while strong enough to support your weight, are not rigid like pieces of wood. They are living matter and pliable, particularly in youth. Nature placed them in proper alignment, for she's a wonderful engineer, and gave us muscles to hold them there and move them as they should be moved. As long as we keep nature's plan intact, to stand straight is merely to stand naturally.

Since nature built us to be erect, she has had to adhere to the same laws of gravity and equilibrium as influence the engineer when building the steel skeleton of a skyscraper. He begins at the ground and works upward, piling steel block on steel block so that weights balance each other and the building is straight and plumb. So, too, with good posture. It begins at the ground and depends on the relationship of each part of the body to the part directly above it.

It means feet properly placed on the floor—and this means, *don't toe out*. Dr. Bess Mensendieck was the first modern authority to dispute that old dancing school rule. Now all posture authorities agree that, whether standing or walking, inside borders of the feet should be parallel to each other. Secondly, knees. Knees shouldn't be locked, like the army captain's, nor bent like a tired old man's. They should be limber and easy. Next, the torso should be properly balanced on the legs, with hips, shoulders and head in their proper line-up, one directly above the other. If you are truly

straight up-and-down, an imaginary plumb line dropped from a point between the ears—the center of the head—will fall straight between your shoulders, on down between your hips to a point directly between your ankles. For that's how gravity works—not helter-skelter but in one straight line.

If one part of the body gets out of alignment, some other part, equally heavy, has to shove out in the opposite direction to maintain body balance. If the head drops forward like a heavy weight, the upper back rounds out like a bow. If the chest is thrust forward like a pouter pigeon, the hips will ride out behind. Otherwise, we'd topple over as the baby does when learning to walk. The reason why the baby is so unsteady at first, is that he is learning to balance his weights. Once equilibrium is established, off he toddles, steady on his pins.

The better the body is balanced, the more easily it responds to commands. One reason why Pavlova could pirouette round and round on the narrow base of her tiny toes until one grew dizzy to watch her, was because her weights were so perfectly centered that equilibrium was no problem.

The tight rope walker couldn't do his act if his body weren't perfectly balanced. Neither could the structural steel worker, who walks narrow girders hundreds of feet up in the air, building our bridges or skyscrapers, with nothing between him and eternity except an uncanny knack with his feet. Our athletes, who do such wonderful things with their bodies—

**W**HAT is good posture?" we asked an expert the other day. And her definition was so clear and concise that we want to pass it on to you.

"Good posture," she replied, "is balance without tension, whether at rest or in motion, or poise in relaxation, as expressed in any type—no matter how fat or thin, how tall or short, how old or young."

swimmers, runners, golf and tennis stars—all have this perfect equilibrium. So has everyone of us who moves beautifully, though we may not realize it.

Now, let's try to get the feeling of what good posture is. Dr. J. E. Goldthwaite of Boston, a famous orthopedic surgeon who has made a life study of posture, asks his patients to try this: first, find a convenient wall and line up against it—heels about four inches from the wall; hips, upper back and head touching the wall; chest not thrust forward but well drawn in; knees not locked but easy. Try while holding this position to slip the flat of your hand between the wall and small of your back (*Continued on page 37*)



HELEN WILLS WALKS EASILY AND GRACEFULLY. NO TOEING OUT THERE!



WHAT GOOD IS A BRIGHT GREEN HAT TO YOU, NO MATTER HOW LOW THE PRICE, IF IT DOESN'T GO WITH YOUR ONE AND ONLY WINTER COAT?

# "If It Be not Cheap to Me—"

By KAY TORREY

Illustration by Dorothy Bayley

YOU hear a lot nowadays about "marvelous bargains," "half prices" and frocks "that were bought for a song, my dear." Don't you wonder just exactly what that song is? And maybe you wonder if it has been reduced, too—perhaps reduced to just the first and last stanzas!

Practise your singing lessons before your shopping trip and see how this song works. You may find it valuable.

What care I how cheap it be  
If it be not cheap to me?

Learn it by heart. As accompanist, take along a definite plan of what clothes you need, in what colors and at what prices.

The new low prices are gay deceivers. They can tempt you to buy too many items of one kind—too many blouses, for instance—more than you will really need. You may be lured into buying something that, no matter how beautiful, is the wrong color for you, not your type, definitely unbecoming or a hopelessly bad fit. You may come home with a smart green hat that was marked alluringly "\$1.95, formerly \$10.50." But what good is it to you if it's the wrong shade to wear with your dark green fur-trimmed suit? Or far too dressy to team up with any sports clothes? Those are only a few of the snares for the unwary price-tag-gazer.

The inexperienced shopper gets her fingers nipped a number of times but never twice in the same way, if she keeps her wits about her. Perhaps she falls in love with a bargain frock, an easily spotted crêpe of pale gray or bisque. The dry cleaning bills soon turn her love to hate, for they eat up an unreasonable amount of her clothes budget, several times the original tempting price. In desperation she throws good money after bad to have the frock dyed—and throws away the shrunken remains. As a beginning of wisdom she picks out materials that can be tubbed or she relies on darker shades, at least for the clothes she wears most often. Her spring ensemble, for example, with hand-tucked yoke

of white or flesh silk has to be sponged with cleaning fluid after every wearing. Its successor, and every other costume with lingerie touches that she buys thereafter have a collar or scarf that can

be easily detached and washed. One dress of cardinal red and another of a big splashy flower-printed material she sickens of in a week. After that she sticks to something quieter and easier to live with. The marked-down suit of heaviest men's wear tweed looks so bulky and harshly unyielding on her slight figure that from that time forth she always looks for wools with a soft finish.

But we want the *best* that our money can buy and going shopping in these days for clothes that will give us our money's worth is as perilous as stalking game in the jungle. Danger lurks beneath the surface of a great deal of outwardly attractive merchandise. In the past a reasonable price in a dependable store helped us to judge when we were buying clothes of good quality. Now that everything's cheaper in all the shops it's hard to detect which are genuine bargains and which have skimped on quality or workmanship.

What can be used as a measuring stick of quality?

Well, if you don't know the feel of a loaded silk—one in which minute particles of tin have been woven to make it seem richer and heavier than it really is; if you can't see when shoddy wool tries to substitute for a fine quality woolen material woven from long fibers; if you have no assurance that the goods in a linen tennis frock has been pre-shrunk; or if you don't know a thing about synthetic furs—get some practice in the best shops in your town. And don't be discouraged. It takes most women years of experimenting and comparison before they can separate bad from good goods. But it's worth it.

The reliable stores go to a great deal of trouble to earn your trust. Get your training with responsible dealers. Then you'll be armed against the dishonest shops. And your sweet little "Cheap, Cheap" song will charm right into your cupboard clothes you'll be proud to wear.



By EDITH

BALLINGER PRICE

*Illustrations by the author*

# An Unexpected Christmas

HERE'S the Four Corners," Chummy shouted, peering into the near darkness through the window of Kanga's jolting sedan.

Sis, squeezed down on the floor between a lot of legs and the back of the front seat, said in a muffed voice of gratitude, "Then it's only another mile-and-a-half to the camp road. No one will be gladder than this child to get there. I wonder what it will be like in winter?"

Not far ahead, the tail-light of the Bard's automobile could be seen bobbing down the pale strip of narrow road between dim ranks of leafless trees. A little way behind, the headlights of Zoo's roadster followed. The trio of vehicles contained nine cold but enthusiastic girls, three chilly and slightly apprehensive leaders, and a round dozen of duffles. These last—like so many enormous sausages—completely filled the back of the leading car. In its trunk was a supply of provisions carefully scheduled to keep twelve hungry souls adequately fed for a wintry week-end, all other things considered.

For the week-end was the one just before Christmas, and the destination was Camp Wanderforth. Camp—which nobody had seen since September, all warm and golden and smelling of dry grass and pine needles in the sun. What would it look like now?

Everything about the trip was most exciting, because this was the first season winter camping had been possible, and it wouldn't have been possible now if Camp Wanderforth's fairy godmother hadn't remodeled the ancient farm house that slept like a gray boulder under its giant elm. The people bumping through the darkness were old campers all, but this was something different—and because of the cold

and the dark and the crack of frost on bare boughs, something thrilling, something they had longed to do for years.

"Too bad we couldn't have had an earlier start," said Kanga, crouching over the wheel of the middle car. "Fault of your devotion to duty. What an hour for a Latin class!"

"Well, it's all over until January next," Molly sighed. "Thank goodness they've let us off Thursday. Let's see, we'll have tonight and Friday, and Saturday morning."

"And could have had ages longer if people hadn't been so keen on being home for Christmas day," Daisy grumbled from where she was wedged beside Kanga.

"Oh, well—Christmas! Of course! Everyone wants to be home then—even I do," Chummy said.

"Do you think the lake's frozen?"

"It ought to be—my nose is!"

"Oh—here we are! Here's the gate!"

There was a sort of general seething as people struggled within the sedan. The Bard's tail-light had bumped and bobbed out of sight among the evergreens. Past the camp house—dark and deserted; past the Rooftree—a dim and desolate wind-swept spot in which to eat on a night like this; past the tent floors—showing like faint, silvery squares in the growing moonlight; past the lake—utterly still and ghostly; then, suddenly, behind the dividing wall of towering black cedars, warm light glowing out through orange curtains. Everybody's heart beat just a little more comfortably—especially Kanga's, for she, after all, was in charge of this expedition.

The Old House, its low slope of roof just visible beneath the lofty silhouette of the leafless elm! The Old House, with its door flung suddenly wide, and Heap Big Medicine

Man—the little hickory-hard camp caretaker who could fix anything—standing there to welcome the three cars. Such a stamping of cold feet, and straightening of cramped legs, and giggling over the fact that the dauntless twelve had arrived and were on the threshold of adventure.

"Yer fire's shinin' bright, an' yer chimley's drorin', an' ye've got eight inches o' clean safe ice on the lake," Medicine Man grinned. "I brung yer milk over, an' now I'll jest shack along an' leave ye alone in yer glories. I suppose ye'll be wantin' to get settled."

They blessed and thanked him—but Kanga plucked his sleeve at the door. "Any snow in the air?" she inquired. Medicine Man sniffed like a war horse.

"Nary bit," he said.

"I'm glad you're sure."

Kanga was apt to be a bit anxious and motherly, which was how she had come by her camp name. "Now, Roo dear—" (You know—or if you don't, you'd better get your *Winnie-the-Pooh* and read it at once).

Kanga went in to where people were untying duffles, and trying to find out how many sleepers would fit around the chimney. The inside of the Old House consisted, since its restoration, of one huge room, with two small ones partitioned off at either end. Above these were open lofts, reached by exciting toe holes in the walls—and in one of these lofts, around the sturdy warmth of the great chimney, the winter campers proposed to pitch their sleeping places. From up there came a great thumping and hauling of blankets, while from the kitchen under the loft there already issued sounds of pumping water and the poking up of the cook-stove. Food was being carried in from the Bard's sorely overloaded car.

"Easy with that—it's maple syrup!" yelled Margot.

"Wowie! There go three cans of beans, rolling off into the unknown," Sis groaned.

"Get going, you cooks!" voices demanded from above. "We're starv— and not *slowly* starv, either." Legs began to appear from the upper dimness, as their owners clambered down the toe holes from the loft, and leapt away.

Fran and Molly were shooting green enamelware cups and plates down the long table. There was a cheering clink of tin spoons and forks. An undeniable aroma of cocoa and hamburg steak began to waft in from the kitchen. The Old House—so lone and lonely beside dark trees and frozen water—had come to life. The campers had brought a little world with them and set it going in the midst of the cold and silent night, a merry world.

Kanga sat at the head of the table and Zoo at the foot—"Ma and Pa" their noisy "children" called them, as they passed their eager plates.

"Do you think we can do any tracking, Zoo?" inquired Jerry, munching.

Zoo was, in summer, a particularly satisfactory nature counsellor; in winter, an

actual professor of zoology. Hence she was Zoo to all.

"Not without snow," she said. "Somebody track me down another of those buns, though."

"I hope it *does* snow," Daisy murmured.

"I hope it *doesn't*," Kanga said, looking anxious. "On account of the cars—and getting home for Christmas."

"We all have chains," the Bard soothed her.

"The state road snowplow doesn't come back in here for days and days, if at all," Kanga continued. "I suppose perhaps Medicine Man could get us out with his truck."

"It hasn't happened yet," Zoo reminded her. "And meanwhile, the moon shines bright. Heigho—I believe I saw my name posted with that detestable gang of Dish-slosers." She grinned and thrust her hands into her corduroy breeches' pockets, and joined the "Water sprite" detail, of whose band she proved a most efficient member.

Chummy was, above all else, an artist. She slipped away now from the overly noisy crowd within, and latched the heavy door of the Old House behind her. Out there was a different world—a world of wintry silver, chill and pure as ice. The air, after the smoky heat indoors, seemed poured from a cool, celestial flagon. The moon stood high and white above the lake. There was not a sound out there; not, as on summer nights, the subdued hum of cricket and tree toad and distant whippoorwill, the constant whisper of stirring leaves. No, nothing on this keen December night—until the sudden crack of a dry twig snapped as the Bard strolled out of the shadows and joined Chummy.

The Bard wrote stories and illustrated them herself—had read, and traveled, and done all the things Chummy wanted to do, and was going to do some day. They stood together, looking at the low blackness of the Old House under the fretted pattern of the elm, with squares of generous light making a vivid oasis in all that empty darkness.

"Funny," Chummy said, "how you want to get away from the noise and all—and yet you're glad it's there to go back to."

"What a night!" the Bard breathed.

"It's like standing outside yourself for a minute.

Unfathomed reaches of the silent air,  
Where white the voiceless moon stands sentinel. . . ."

she half murmured. Then they both shivered, and drew a great breath of the purity of the night, and went in to where a glorious confusion and merriment reigned in the loft around the chimney.

"That's *my* blanket! I had it folded a special way, to make it like a sleeping bag."

"Like an apple pie bed, I'll say! Wow, I don't want it!"

"Kanga, is it too awful if I don't wash tonight?"

"Did we take the draught off the cook stove, Margot?"

"Well, I'm comfier than you'd believe possible!"

"I should think you would be, Piglet, hogging



THERE WERE PIRATE REVELS AROUND THE FIRE THAT EVENING

half the chimney! For goodness' sake move over." "Pipe down, now. Pipe down, children!" This from Kanga, impressively ensconced in the guest room (with real bed) under the other loft.

"There won't be any taps, will there? We can talk a *little*, can't we?"

"Sis forgot the bugle, so how can there be taps?"

But as the whispering and giggling and shuffling died, and Zoo blew out one by one the big lanterns that hung from the hand-hewn beams, and the flicker of the fire leaped strangely among black shadows—from nowhere in particular came an elfin version of taps, thin and silver as the moonlight without. It was the Bard, who had slipped her small but ready flute into her rucksack at the last minute. The magic effect of the faint and unexpected call had a more instantaneous result than would have the brazen blast of Sis' bugle. Thereafter there was not a sound—except presently the modulated snores of twelve healthy and happy adventurers.

The next day, after a domestic interlude of wondering how much pancake batter to mix, and doing the various Kapers necessary to the well-being of the Old House, nothing was to be thought of but skating. A lake shimmering with clear black ice untouched by skate, made people either scream with pleasure or stand deeply silent. Then the ring of steel on ice—unlike any other sound—the shouts of racers, the echo that rolled strangely from the dark circle of watching cedars and made the skaters pause and hark and realize suddenly the loneliness of their playground.

With difficulty, the cooks remembered their duties and tore themselves away to put the draught on the stove and stir up apple betty. After dinner—a dinner that vanished with alarming speed into twelve famished skaters—some people went walking with Zoo, and surprisingly found a field mouse's nest up a tree, and a crowd of adorable chickadees hanging upside down from bare branches. They scattered an ample dinner for whatever woodfolk might come that way, and they had an impromptu country dance on a bare tent floor that looked too inviting to be passed by. But the ice claimed everyone again before night drove them all indoors.

There were pirate revels around the fire that evening; people in rubber boots and breeches and bandanas, and with dinner-knife daggers in their teeth, were made to walk the plank, and to pay the most humiliating forfeits for their failures. It was a grand sight—Kanga, with her burnt-cork mustachios, climbing the toe holes like a monkey. She was a good sport, even if sometimes over-maternal.

Sis stepped out just before time to turn in. There was no moon. The world was utterly dark, and from somewhere, soft chill feathers touched Sis' cheek. She stepped in. "It's

snowing," she told the Bard. "Ought we to let Kanga know? She has been worrying over that possibility so long."

"Too late to do anything about it now," said the Bard, huddling her fuzzy bathrobe over her fuzzy pajamas. "She'd only worry all night. It won't amount to anything. Snow never does in these parts."

But when the dozen awoke and crept away from their friendly chimney next morning—the morning of Christmas Eve, the morning of the day when they must turn homeward—what a spell had been cast over the Old House! They rubbed their eyes. The windows were darkened. The door

at first refused to open, and then burst outward into a gray world of snow that heaped wood and meadow, that sheeted the cedars, and half-buried the shed where the three useless cars stood looking singularly out of place. And snow was still falling from a gray, soft sky.

Zoo took one quick look around. "Too deep for chains," she said, "and still coming down."

Kanga bit her lip. "We promised to get them home for Christmas."

Fran was cheering and others joined in. "Hooray! We can have

Christmas later—any time! But Christmas *here*—now it's a real adventure!"

Bumps, who was the youngest, and had felt, at certain moments when the wind moaned in the chimney, a scrap homesick, was the only one who wavered. "But, Christmas—" she murmured.

"What'll we eat?" Kanga asked of Zoo in a low voice. "We were close-rationed to last until this noon."

"There seems to be a pile of stuff left over, at that," Zoo said. "When that's gone, we can wade to the Four Corners and get many cans of beans from the general store. And the snowplow will get to us eventually."

"Maybe Medicine Man can help," Kanga hoped.

But he couldn't. He arrived, wallowing on foot, and was cheerful but not reassuring as to their getting home that day, or, indeed, for several days to come.

"Hev to resign yerselves to a pioneer Christmas, I reckon," he grinned. "I'll git ye in a Yule loggy, an' we kin drag in vittles from som'ers."

Once perfectly sure that there was nothing to be done, even Kanga became resigned. She waded down to the deserted camp "office" where the telephone was connected, and apprised nine slightly anxious parents that their daughters were outrageously healthy, and pleased with the snow-storm, but would not be home for Christmas.

Chummy, Sis, Bumps, Molly, and the Bard went exploring—or rather, floundering. They floundered so far in this fascinating new world of still whiteness—far beyond even the Pioneer encampment on the Ridge—that they became slightly mixed, and stopped, out of breath, to get their bearings. It was then that they (*Continued on page 42*)

SIS HAD GONE OFF DETERMINEDLY AND SAT DOWN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE DRUMMER



# Dressing Up Your Closet

By WINIFRED MOSES

**F**IRST I want you to do something for me—take a peep into your closet. Are you proud of its personal appearance? Is it usable? Does it properly accommodate your hats, your shoes, your coats, your dresses, your underwear? If in your case the answer to all these questions is yes, you need read no more. Just turn to the next story.

But if the answer is no, perhaps you will be interested in some of the suggestions I am making to improve its appearance.

Let me begin by telling you how to make even a small closet into a combined dressing table and closet that will adequately house most of your belongings—from your toilet articles up to your heavy coats and party dresses.

If your closet is at least three feet deep, you may have in it a very attractive little dressing table. This is how to do it: on the center wall opposite the closet door, twenty-four inches from the floor, place a wooden shelf twelve inches wide. The shelf should rest on brackets, and if dressed in a gingham or chintz petticoat, it is very effective whether plain or decorated with ball fringe. Brass headed tacks may be used to hold the material in place or, better still, a brass rod may be run through at the shelf edge.

On top of your dressing table-to-be place one of those four-compartment shoe boxes illustrated on this page—one drawer to house your gloves, a second your handkerchiefs, a third the toilet articles you do not wish to keep in full view. Beneath the dressing table's petticoat, bracket to the wall a narrow slanting shelf for your shoes. About four inches from the floor is a good height. A piece of molding nailed two or three inches from the edge touching the wall, will serve to catch the heels of your shoes. If you have a pair of boudoir lamps, place these on top of the boxes, together with a pretty box and a pair of toilet bottles. Above the dressing table place a mirror flat against the wall—your simple but very useful dressing table is complete.

For the stool use either a hamper bathroom stool, or a box with a hinged lid covered in the same material as the petticoat. This box or hamper

acts in two capacities: to hold your soiled laundry and as a stool. It may be pushed under the dressing table when not in use so that it will not be in the way at all.

Five and one-half feet or more from the floor, across the whole length of the closet, another shelf as wide as a hat box should be placed. The end spaces will take care of your hats; that in the middle will hold a box or two for your lingerie.

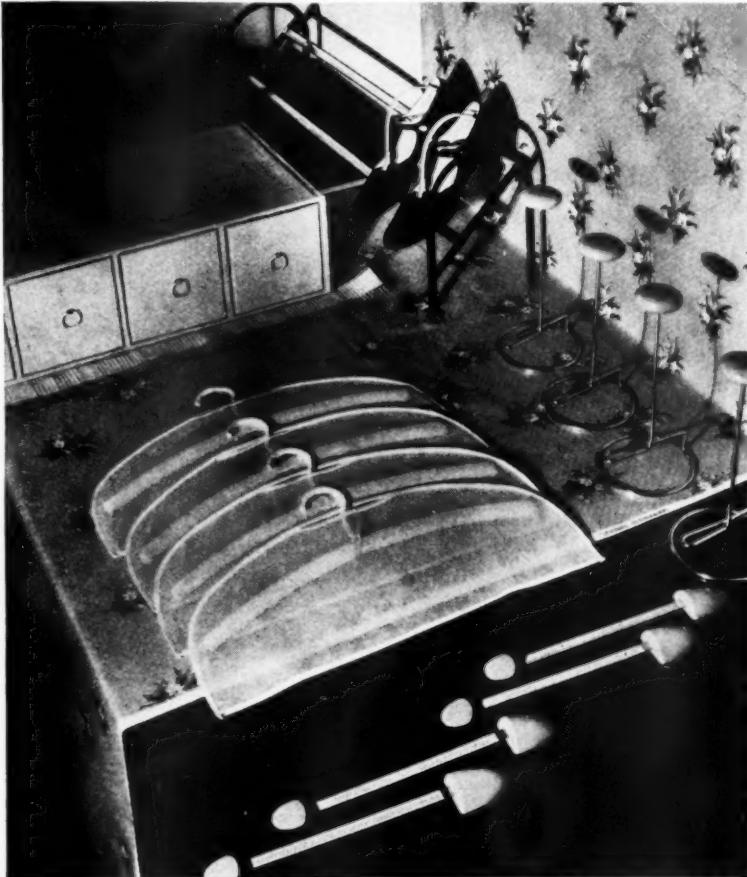
This shelf may be decorated with an edging that matches or harmonizes with the material used on the dressing table and stool. It is illustrated in the photograph. Do you see it sticking out from under the shoe boxes? The lingerie boxes may be bought, of course, but if you are clever you can make your own by covering plain strong cardboard boxes with wall paper.

From end to end of your closet about ten inches from the rear wall and four or five inches below the shelf, fasten two rods or pieces of pipe. One-half of this horizontal bar will carry your coats, your Girl Scout uniform, and everyday clothes; the other will serve for your lighter or party dresses.

The clothes hangers themselves may be dressed up to match the hat trees; and if you are a needlewoman of sorts you may make garment bags of Argentine cloth to protect your party dresses.

If your closet is not deep enough to house the shelf and stool for the little dressing table, you can double-up by putting the shelf across one closet-end, the stool in front and using the other closet-end for your clothes bar. This, of course, does not give so much space and the closet is not so attractive when the door is open but it is infinitely a pleasanter sight than most ordinary closets. A shelf across the end above the dressing table will house the lingerie boxes and another above the clothes rod will hold the hats—to conclude the tale of the narrow closet.

If you do not want to decorate your closet so elaborately, you may enhance its appearance by dressing the shelves with an edging, by adding new hat trees, new coat (*Continued on page 48*)



WILLING ACCESSORIES THAT WILL LEND GRACE AND CHARM TO A CLOSET AT LITTLE COST

# Girl Scouts

*Community work has always been more needed than ever before, and they go to work with a spirit that characterizes the true Girl Scout.*



NEW JERSEY GIRL SCOUTS HAVE BEEN MAKING APPLE JELLY TO HELP FILL BASKETS FOR THE WELFARE FEDERATION OF THE ORANGES AND MAPLEWOOD



IN SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA THE KITCHEN OF THE LITTLE HOUSE IS WELL-EQUIPPED FOR CANNING—AND THE GIRLS USE IT TOO

TWENTY BABIES WILL BE KEPT WARM UNDER THE FLANNEL QUILTS MADE BY THE GIRLS OF TROOP FOUR OF OAK PARK, ILLINOIS



# ts Are Serving

as always been an important  
ng, but never, perhaps, has it  
ban now. Each day girls are  
ays in which they can be of  
ns, cities and neighborhoods,  
rk with the enthusiasm that  
true Girl Scout everywhere

THESE TOLEDO, OHIO GIRL SCOUTS ARE BUSY COUNTING  
MILK TICKETS FOR THEIR SOCIAL SERVICE FEDERATION



EVEN A BROWNIE  
CAN DO HER SHARE  
OF COMMUNITY SER-  
VICE WORK BY HELP-  
ING TO DECORATE  
CHRISTMAS TREES  
FOR DAY NURSER-  
IES AND HOSPITALS

MANY GIRL SCOUTS  
ALL OVER THE  
COUNTRY HELP THE  
RED CROSS WITH ITS  
DRIVE EVERY YEAR,  
AS THESE GIRLS OF  
THE BRONX, NEW  
YORK ARE DOING





VITAMINS FOR RESISTANCE—JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN GIRL SCOUTS CANNED TOMATOES

**G**IRL SCOUTS are busier than ever right now with Community Service. The unusual distress among many families this year in particular has encouraged everyone to help as much as possible. Troops everywhere are having bake sales, card parties, theatricals and all sorts of things to raise money to help. All over the country they are making new toys and reconditioning old ones for children who have none. Many troops are helping make up into garments for distribution through local welfare organizations the materials furnished by the Red Cross. They are canning fruit and vegetables, collecting food and used clothing, and making themselves generally useful.

Mildred Sherman, a Girl Scout of Washington, D. C., writes us about the work her troop is doing in connection with the Visiting Nurses' Society:

"In Troop Eighteen there were several girls who needed second class community work. Knowing this, the chairman of our troop committee tried to fill this need by organizing a group of girls to help the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society by making dressings.

"We prepare the needed supplies for the nurses' emergency kits. In them the nurses carry rolls of absorbent cotton, two sizes of adhesive tape rolled on a narrow flat stick, twelve paper towels folded a certain size to fit in the kit, rolls of gauze and gauze sponges to be used for dressings. So you can see that our work is varied, and because of this we never get tired of it. Many of the girls are working for their Community Service Award and some have made layettes which will be distributed by the visiting nurses. With the aid of the Girl Scouts in preparing the kits the nurses' time is saved and they can make more visits."

#### Des Moines Girls Help Invalids

The Des Moines, Iowa Girl Scouts have undertaken a novel Community Service project. Gertrude Schoonover is our correspondent:

"The Girl Scouts have volunteered to aid the library in issuing and delivering books to shut-ins, who telephone or write a card

asking for this service, stating the names of the books desired, if they have a choice.

"The librarian notifies the captain of the troop in the district nearest the person wanting the books. The captain goes through her list of girls and delivers the message to the Girl Scout living nearest that particular invalid. Then the girl goes to the library as soon as possible and gets the books and delivers them.

"The girls return the books to the librarian when they are due or at any time previous to that date if the reader requests it. There is no charge for the service and the library is pleased to have any minister or social worker call and submit the name of a person physically handicapped who would be likely to become a regular patron. A list of the books sent to each patron is kept to avoid sending the same book more than once."

#### Try Making Doughnuts to Earn Money

Carmen Gardemal of Houston, Texas tells us about how her troop earned money: "Doughnuts! What a savory odor they give while they are being fried. And how delicious they are after they have cooled and have had sugar sprinkled on them.

"Our troop needed money for the annual dues; so we made doughnuts. We made

# A Year's

*and Girl Scouts turn usefully helping others.*

them at our Little House early one Saturday morning. While seven girls were in the kitchen two were getting orders over the telephone and one girl was routing the orders.

"Another troop was having a little entertainment just back of the house. When the mothers of the girls came through the house to get their wraps, they stopped to inquire what was going on in the kitchen. Several of our girls spoke up and asked if they would like to try our doughnuts. They most certainly did. A great many bought one dozen; others took two and one woman three.

"By one o'clock we had made and delivered seventy dozen doughnuts. We cleared about twelve dollars, more than enough for our dues. At our next meeting we discussed what we would do with the remainder of the money after we had paid our dues. It did not take us long to decide on a camping trip. We spent the following week-end at Camp Tejas, the Houston Girl Scout camp. By making the doughnuts we not only paid our dues and had a grand camping trip, but also passed our cooking test for second class."

## OUR STAR REPORTER

*The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.*

**H**ELLEN BETH COATS of Topeka, Kansas is our Star Reporter this month. She writes about how Topeka Girl Scouts have been aiding their local unemployment relief agencies.

"The Girl Scouts of Topeka are taking a great interest in Community Service. All the troops of the city have been sewing for the Red Cross. They have made about thirty baby garments and have hemmed about a hundred and fifty diapers. They have also been making articles for the Needlework Guild. This has been done annually for several years.

"The older girls of Troop Eleven are gathering old shoes for the community relief shoe room. These Girl Scouts have made posters and shoe boxes to put in all the grade schools and junior high schools in the city. This is to induce more children to bring their old shoes to the schools. On Saturdays the shoes are gathered up and taken to the shoe room for repair. Then they are distributed among the associations, who give them to those children and adults who need them.

"Troop Fifteen has completed a layette of forty pieces which was displayed in one of the main dry goods stores of Topeka.

"During Girl Scout Week many interesting programs were held on Community Service day. Troop Sixteen had a puppet show for the benefit of one of the orphanages, while the members of Troop Eleven took the children of the city orphanages to a show at the Children's Theater.

"The girls of Troop One planned a handicraft program for the children of the tuberculosis sanitarium. An interesting program at the detention home was given by Troop Seven. Girls from all over the city visited the different hospitals and shut-ins.

"All the troops have been busy for the last few months repairing and dressing dolls, which will be distributed to poor children at Christmas time."

# At Its Dawn—

*their hearts and hands to the pleasant duty of  
Communities count much upon their gallant aid*

## Clothes Are Easy to Collect

Portsmouth, Ohio girls last year gathered garments for the destitute in an "old clothes drive":

"Portsmouth being a mill town and a river town has been very hard hit by the depression. There has been a great call for clothes by the Bureau of Community Service, so that children could be kept in school.

"The Girl Scouts, in conjunction with the Boy Scouts, put on an old clothes drive the first and second of January and it was so successful that we put on another the last of February.

"We bought laundry bags at a small cost, pasted stickers on the outside telling what the bags were for, and the girls took them to neighbors and friends and left them at the door, saying that they would call for them in a few days. They made no other explanation as all information was on the sticker.

"In two or three days the girls called for the bags and took them to their meeting place or to their captain's home, from which they were collected. The whole thing was

handled through the leaders and patrol leaders.

"We attributed the success of the drive to the fact that filling the bags was little trouble, whereas most people will not bother to send their old clothes to the Community Service or other charitable organizations. Furthermore, most people seemed to feel a certain amount of embarrassment in returning empty bags and satisfaction in returning full ones."

## This Troop Gives Teas to Earn Money

Another unusual money earning scheme is suggested by Jane Cobbett of Morris-ton, New Jersey who writes us about a series of weekly teas the Oak Troop of Girl Scouts gave at the school.

"Last year Oak Troop gave a tea for the teachers of the high school. It was such a success and the teachers enjoyed it so much that they said they would be willing to pay a small amount if the troop would continue and have one once a week. When this was suggested in troop meeting, it met with a great deal of enthusiasm. A committee was organized to take charge the first week. Notices were put in the offices of the school and teachers were reminded that for ten cents they might go to the library and have tea and cake.

"The day chosen was Tuesday. At two-fifteen the girls on the committee started to prepare for it. At quarter-past three everything was ready and the library of the school was open to receive patrons. That tea proved to be well worth the pleasure of getting ready and serving. After that each Tuesday was recognized as a day for the teachers' teas. Soon they became better known and as time went on proved more successful.



This year the teas are being resumed and the troop hopes to enlarge its treasury as it did last year, besides getting practice in acting as hostesses."

## Seattle Girls Canned Fruit For the Poor

Ruth Wilson, a member of Troop Twenty-One of Seattle, Washington, sends us an account of one of Seattle's Community Service projects:

"Seattle Girl Scout troops introduced fruit canning week this year. The last week of September was chosen because fruit was plentiful and inexpensive at that time. The fruit was to be distributed to Children's Homes and to needy families. Each troop made its own arrangements for securing fruit and many of them bought the fruit with money from the troop treasury. A few troops had fruit donated.

"Our troop bought two crates of tomatoes, just turned ripe. We paid for them out of our troop treasury. One of the mothers let us use her kitchen, and on our troop meeting day we set to work after school. We put on the big white aprons which we had brought. Each patrol was first assigned to a special duty under the patrol leader. One group skinned and cut the tomatoes into sections. Someone else labeled and put the jars away.

"Later the fruit in the three districts of the city was collected at one place and from there taken to the Children's Homes. One hundred quarts went to the Seattle Children's Home, one hundred and eight to the Theodora Home and one hundred and twenty-nine to the Social Welfare League."

## A Penny Carnival Is Lots Of Fun

Another good and original idea for earning money is sent to us by Sally Dolson of Franklin, Pennsylvania who writes to us about a Penny Carnival her troop had:

"Don't you see the advantage of a Penny Carnival during these days of depression? We did—that's why we decided on (Continued on page 43)



TO CLOTHE THE NEEDY IN SO FAR AS THEY CAN RIVERDALE, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS CUT, BASTE AND STITCH IN THEIR LEISURE TIME. IT HELPS A GOOD BIT



THIS VARI-COLORED QUILT OF KNITTED SQUARES IS BEING PRESENTED TO THE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING ASSOCIATION BY GIRL SCOUTS, TROOP TWENTY-ONE

## IS UNCLE SAM A SHYLOCK?

The minute the campaign was over, and Europeans felt that America was free to think about something besides politics, several countries immediately dispatched to us notes which had been composed, if not actually written, many weeks ago. These notes all said practically the same thing. Europe wanted to be excused from making the debt payments which had been post-



poned for a year by President Hoover's moratorium but would be again due on December fifteenth. The foreign countries declared that they could not yet afford to pay, and requested that we once more talk over the question of debts, with the idea of reducing them still further. These notes at once aroused a hornet's nest of comment all over the United States.

Many people feel that the quickest way for us all to pull out of the depression would be to forget the war debts, which they say we can't collect anyhow, and start with a clean sheet. Others feel that we should forgive part of the debts but not all. Other people, remembering that if Europe does not pay her debts, the loss will have to be made up by American tax payers, insist that we demand every cent, even if doing so forces our creditors into bankruptcy. Knowing that the debt problem could not be settled before the end of his administration, President Hoover did a broad-minded thing unique in American history. He invited his successful rival, President-elect Roosevelt, to confer.

After a talk between Hoover, Roosevelt and their advisors at the White House, each issued a statement to the press. They were, apparently, in general agreement except at one point. The President felt that the foreign powers must be asked to meet the December payments, but requested that the incoming Congress appoint a debt commission to listen to the arguments of the debtors in regard to reduction of future payments. Governor Roosevelt felt that no such commission should be created, but that the pleas of each nation should be received separately through the regular diplomatic channels. This would mean that the negotiations would be carried on by the President rather than by Congress. Since President Hoover could not possibly complete them before March fourth, the practical effect of Roosevelt's declaration was to postpone any real consideration of the debt problem until he becomes the head of the country.

## CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

Editors always consider any bit of news more interesting if there is a woman somewhere in it. Here are some things which happened in November to make the editors happy: there was much talk of whether or not President-elect Roosevelt would, for the first time in history, put a woman in his cabinet, and if so, whom. Favorite betting possibility was Frances Perkins, Chairman

# What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

of the New York State Industrial Board, an expert on labor problems and a supporter of the New York Governor before his election. She is being mentioned for Secretary of Labor. Also suggested for cabinet posts were Grace Abbott, head of the Children's Bureau, and Mrs. Isabella Greenway, ranch and copper mine owner from Arizona. She is a personal friend of Roosevelt's and made a speech seconding his nomination. . . . Kathryn O'Laughlin, thirty-eight-year-old Kansas lawyer, was elected to Congress, defeating a host of male rivals. So was Mrs. Virginia C. Jenckes, farmer of Terra Haute, Indiana. Her nineteen-year-old daughter helped her in the campaign. . . . Elected to the office of Justice of the Peace of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was Mildred Vanecek, twenty-one-year-old stenographer, three

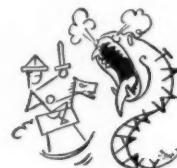


of whose friends wrote in her name as a joke. Since there was no other candidate, Mildred won. . . . Her two suitors proved very helpful to Miss Anne Brancato, running as Democratic legislator from Philadelphia. One lent her his car and a chauffeur with which to campaign, and the other, lacking a car and chauffeur but determined not to be outdone, went from door to door, asking for votes. Their combined efforts elected the lady. . . . Dr. Franz Bracht, Federal Commissioner for the State of Prussia, thinks that evening dresses worn by German women are too low in the back, so recently he put forth a decree that "the dorsal opening in feminine costumes shall not be cut so low as to be excessive." This caused a furore among Berlin stores, who



said that they would have to scrap most of their evening dresses. So Dr. Bracht relented a bit; he said that evening gowns could be cut to "the middle of the waist." . . . In November Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer, died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-nine; the stars were unpropitious. . . . Fatal also was the constellation of Comrade Nadezhda Alliluieva, the young wife of Stalin, dictator of the

U. S. S. R. Since she was apparently in good health two days before her death, considerable mystery still hangs around the passing of this young Bolshevik. . . . Mrs. Elias Compton received an unique honor recently from the Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio. She was given an honorary LL.D. for being the mother of three famous sons. One is President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one is a Nobel prize winner in science, and the third is a noted economist.



## NEW YORK'S WHITE KNIGHT

The White Knight of New York City is Joseph V. McKee. Automatically becoming acting mayor upon the resignation of Jimmy Walker, he suddenly turned on the Tammany administration, demanded that the city government reduce its expenses, and pointed out a number of useless extravagances. Tammany, alarmed for its jobs, took the budget power away from him, restored the extravagant items he had cut out—and, refusing to consider McKee as a candidate, elected one of their own, faithful to Tammany ideas—John P. O'Brien. The more Tammany fought McKee, however, the more enthusiastic everyone outside the Tammany wigwam became for him. Although McKee was not a candidate for mayor at the election held on November eighth, and his name did not even appear on the ballots, over 232,500 people wrote it in, and thousands more tried to. This great popular demonstration for McKee emboldened him to come out even more vigorously against the Tammany organization, and aroused a desire on the part of many New Yorkers of all parties to make him fusion candidate for mayor in the 1933 election.

## FLASHBACKS

In 1915 a playful young man wrote the name of his lady friend, Hazel Roe, on an egg which she was packing for shipment. This fall Edgar R. Dobson, of Baltimore, bought some "strictly fresh eggs." On one was the girl's name and address. Hopefully, Mr. Dobson wrote a letter to the egg lady. But he was several years too late, as Miss Hazel Roe was a long time married. . . . Recently France launched her bid for tourist mastery of the seas, the steamship *Normandie*. When this great boat is finished, it will have, among other unusual luxuries, a theatre with permanent seats, a winter garden, and the world's largest floating chapel, garage and night club. She will outrank in size the largest ship, the *Mauretania*, and hopes to outspeed the *Bremen*.

Last fall the country was wildly looking for Colonel Raymond Robins, friend of President Hoover, who disappeared on September third. Many thought that Colonel Robins had been kidnapped. Found at Whittier, North Carolina, the doctors said he was suffering from amnesia.





# Our Contest Winners

*This year's "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest" brought in many new ideas, both on the hundreds of ballots and in the essays*

THE essays which were submitted in this year's "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest" were well thought out and clearly written. The judges, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, Mrs. Frederick Edey, President of the National Board of the Girl Scouts, and Mr. Arthur McKeogh, Managing Editor of *Good Housekeeping*, all commented on the quality of the manuscripts. Mr. McKeogh writes:

"I believe you should be complimented for the high quality in general of the essays. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* apparently has an intelligent audience. I found myself benefiting by the examination of these papers to the extent that they gave me an interesting insight into the minds of girls between the ages of twelve and nineteen."

After a great deal of discussion as to which essays should receive the prizes, Ann Wolcott's, of Rio Piedras, Porto Rico, was chosen for first prize, the silver wrist watch. Mrs. Bacon said of Ann's essay that "it showed great vitality and freshness." The second prize, one of the new *AMERICAN GIRL* tea sets, goes to Phyllis V. Matthews, Troop Seven, Lynchburg, Virginia, and the third award, a fountain pen, to Naomi Yvette Kane, Troop One Hundred, Brooklyn, New York. All three of these manuscripts were marked by sincerity and originality and the ideas in them were intelligently presented.

Owing to the number of excellent essays submitted, eight entrants were given honorable mention. These are: Margaret Patch, of Weiser, Idaho; Katherine Pfening, a Golden Eagle of Troop Sixteen, Columbus, Ohio; Emma Matthews, Troop Thirty-two, Hudson Heights, New Jersey; Marie Patricia Murphy, Troop Nine, Brookline, Mass.; Betty Popovici, Canton, Ohio; Denise Eileen Ortmann, Chicago, Illinois; La Verne H. Larson, of Wayne, Nebraska; and Elsie Wong, Troop Seven, Honolulu, T. H.

We know most of you will want to read the prize-winning essays, so here they are:



## What "The American Girl" Has Meant to Me

By ANN WOLCOTT

I was an only child for eight years, traveling about in the Caribbean and, sad to say, I

think that I was somewhat selfish. I had school, parties, music, pets; in fact, almost everything. Mother was sick and for the sake of her health we moved to central New York and for three years I went to a small town school. I think it was good for me to have house work to do, simpler entertainment, and club work. I was going to join the Girl Scouts when they started the troop, but they said you had to be over twelve to join. Before long, however, the whole thing went smash because the captain didn't come to meetings.

Last year we moved back to Porto Rico but we lived in the country ten or more miles from a Girl Scout troop and I was too lazy to join. Instead I met an American girl, a Girl Scout, and soon we were good friends. She and her family came out on Sundays for picnics and to swim. She and I exchanged stamps, books and magazines. It was in this way that I first became acquainted with *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I read them from cover to cover two or three times. Suddenly I began to do a lot of things, new ones and old—crayon stenciling, sewing, more and better reading, letter writing—as no American girls lived near—stamp collecting, butterfly catching, fossil collecting, and knitting. I wrote a book report and had it published by the Junior Literary Guild, of which I am a member. Although this wasn't much, it was encouraging and I tried even harder to make my time count for something. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* began to be more and more absorbing as I ventured beyond the stories into the Girl Scouting and special article sections, book reviews, news items, *et cetera*.

When we moved into town near

an active troop I was eager to join. Instead of going into seventh grade, as I had expected, they put me into high school. It took me quite a while to get settled down with hurricane, hurricane scares, and my handicap of language. The other day, the one American in the high school asked me if I wanted to join the Girl Scouts. Did I? I should say I did! I went and, although it was not an exceptional meeting, I felt that it was a sort of turning point between being a child and becoming a girl. A feeling that you are supposed to get at your graduation, but since I have never formally graduated, it was new to me.

And I found, when I got home and was thinking it over, that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was the thing that was responsible. I can't express in words all that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has meant to me but I think that it will make me a better Girl Scout than I would have been without it and a happier and busier person.

## What "The American Girl" Has Meant to Me

By PHYLLIS V. MATTHEWS

Once-upon-a-time stories have always appealed to me and so I could truly start: Once upon a time not so many years ago in a town where there weren't any green-clad energetic Girl Scouts, there lived a freckle-faced, red-headed tomboy. And oh, the family thought she was perfectly terrible. When her two big brothers, who were Boy Scouts, went on hikes, and learned thrilling things such as a mysterious code that pirates might have used, and could tie knots that wouldn't come undone—well, the little girl tagged along and the boys didn't like that.

The big brothers subscribed to a magazine that had all sorts of exciting things in it, and once near Christmas time, the little girl heard one of the boys say: "Mom, are you going to let us take *Boys' Life* another (Please turn over)





year? Well, if you get this magazine called THE AMERICAN GIRL for P. V. you can get 'em both real cheap, and then maybe she won't hang around and bother us so much."

And though the little girl felt snubbed, her eyes got all shining, for she just couldn't imagine what THE AMERICAN GIRL could possibly be like. But when the twenty-fifth of the month came around, she found out what it was like, and it was so much, much nicer than she had thought it could be.

And this was how I came to be a Girl Scout, for when THE AMERICAN GIRL came, some of the girls around home and I worked awfully hard to get a Girl Scout troop because the Girl Scout pictures were so enticing and the girls seemed to be doing such unusual things.

My very first week at camp I was very shy because I felt being a mere tenderfoot was absolutely nothing to a first class. Then came several AMERICAN GIRLS from home with *Alice in Pantherland* and what a laughing and shouting time we had over it. After such an ice-breaker I no longer had an inferiority complex.

This summer we used Scatter and Jo Ann stories for campfire circles, Sunday School groups, and stunts at summer assemblies. The whole family works on the puzzles and chuckles over the jokes. And when Brother sees a new issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL in the living room, he always remarks, "And what sort of *à la oolab* do we get this time?", because I never miss trying out the new recipes.

When Mary Ellen tapped, the toes of my oxfords became awfully scuffed, and Mother couldn't understand—until she read the latest AMERICAN GIRL.

The "I Am a Girl Who—" articles are grand. The cases are so absolutely true and everyday ones. I especially like the one about the girl who wasn't pretty but became very interesting.

I feel quite proud of myself at a tea party or some gathering of older folks when the conversation is of current events and I can add, or repeat, a thought or two gleaned from *What's Happening*. Or in art class when well-known artists and illustrators are mentioned, I very casually suggest some of the details of the most popular AMERICAN GIRL ones, and slyly watch the teacher to see her look of surprise at my occasionally knowing something.



I've made lots of new friends through THE AMERICAN GIRL. At camp or at Girl Scout rallies wherever the tip of an AMERICAN GIRL cover shows, you can always find a crowd of eager, wide awake girls. There's a book on my shelf as a result of a joke contribution and once there was a check for ten dollars from an AMERICAN GIRL advertiser.

THE AMERICAN GIRL means a lot to me, honest Injun, and it means something to the others of my family, too. Sooner or later Daddy is always caught guiltily perusing the pages of the newest issue, and I know he doesn't find stock reports there. After about an hour's steady reading Mother will sheepishly say, "I've just been glancing at the new recipes in your magazine, P. V."

They all tease me about my devotion, as they call it, and my "soap box oratory" defense of THE AMERICAN GIRL and the Girl Scouts, and say what a strong advocate the magazine has in me, but they all like it just as much as I do, nevertheless.

If I were a poet, I would write an ode to THE AMERICAN GIRL telling what an interesting and thrilling pal and comrade, an inspiration, a source of comfort and joy, and all that hokum, it has been, and what a great influence it has had on my life. But since I'm not a poet and never will be one, I can just say very prosaically, please, all you who make THE AMERICAN GIRL what it is, please keep on doing it, because I expect to take it until I'm an old, old lady even if my grandchildren have to read it to me!

## What "The American Girl" Has Meant to Me

By NAOMI YVETTE KANE

Besides having opened its doors of thrilling and romantic tales for me, THE AMERICAN GIRL is responsible for the paramount activity of my busy week.

I was fulfilling an art assignment and attempting to copy, recognizably, all the interesting month's magazine covers.

On our school library shelf I found just the grandest cover, and it introduced THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Somehow, I had never scanned the pages of this magazine because it mentioned the Girl Scouts and I had never sympathized with that organization.

But then, I was so enthused at seeing such a perfectly ideal cover—one by Edward Poucher, inci-

dently—that I opened THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Therein, I found tales that interested me, stories that would prove interesting as English assignments, articles on the proper clothes for the proper time, aids to feminine loveliness, biographies and interviews of women whose fields I myself was aspiring to—and pictures.

I was introduced into new channels through THE AMERICAN GIRL. Enjoying it so much, I subscribed. This month starts me on my second year in a world of girls.

Although the articles and stories held me enthralled, I felt somehow that I did not quite understand THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Daily, I pondered at such terms as Little Houses, tenderfoot, crest, bowline, Golden Eagle, troop committeewoman, *et cetera*.

As their definitions were told to me, I found myself suddenly with a keen desire to be a Girl Scout.

THE AMERICAN GIRL pictured Girl Scouts as being so real, so fun-loving, so vitally awake, and so friendly that I feel it was the criterion on which I based my desire to become one of them.

Girl Scouting has meant more to me than any of my other interests—movies, books, art.

Contests, hikes, roasts, picnics, communes with nature, songs I'd never known, unheard-of plays all became a part of me, through Girl Scouting. Best of all, I met girls, learned to work with them, to play and to cooperate.

I am now a patrol leader and am coming up for my second class badge at the next review—thanks to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

We want to congratulate those who submitted essays in the contest and to thank all our readers who sent in ballots. The opinions recorded will be most helpful in preparing the contents of the magazine during the coming year.

We expect to have another "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest" in 1933 but between now and then it is possible for all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, new and old, to let us know what they like and want in the magazine. All they need to do is write their wishes to the *Well, of All Things!* page, and even though all the letters that come in cannot be printed, they are read and noted and serve as valuable guides in making THE AMERICAN GIRL just the kind of magazine its readers want it to be.



So don't forget to write to us often.

## Living on Candy

(Continued from page 10)

which one—a box of their candies found its way to a famous chocolate manufacturer. Right then things began to happen!

It was at the end of the third week, on a busy Friday morning when they were making the largest supply of candy they had yet ventured upon, that a very important looking business man came into the shop. Dorit went out to serve him.

"You make the most delicious candy I've ever come across," he announced without any preliminaries. The startled Dorit accepted the compliment as easily as she could and waited behind their little makeshift counter for his order. "In fact, I've never tasted anything like it—it has such a distinctive flavor, and looks so original!" Dorit again murmured her thanks—she was very pleased at such enthusiastic praise—and asked what he would have that morning.

He waved aside the idea of buying candy and went on talking. "May I introduce myself?" He handed Dorit his card. On it was the name of a chocolate candy manufacturer, well-known at that time. "I want you or your sister to come and take charge of the production end of my candy factory. I want you to teach my factory workers how to make real homemade candies."

Of course they did it. Iris took over the factory teaching work. Dorit ran the shop. "Running that candy factory for one year taught us as much as we taught the workers," Dorit says. "It taught us how things were done commercially and on a large scale. We learned to shape our candies professionally, to wrap them attractively, to preserve them for a number of days without impairing their homemade qualities.

"At the end of the year we opened a second shop in New York City. Our plans now were for a chain of shops. We thought we were done with candy teaching, although Iris had tremendously enjoyed her year and I had very much liked working out teaching problems with her. But fate was gradually pulling us toward the business of teaching other people how to make homemade candies with a professional air. It popped up its head again when a prominent society woman asked us to teach her and her friends to make candies like ours. Then the educational director of the Y. W. C. A. in Brooklyn heard of our teaching and asked us to instruct some 'Y' girls."

Since then Iris and Dorit have taught "Y" girls in New York, New Haven and Hartford to make homemade candies that look as though they had come right out of an expensive box. They are professional both in shape and finish. Many of their pupils have opened their own shops and are making the school's candies under their own names. Many hundreds more have learned to make and sell their own candies in the school shop in New York City. Iris and Dorit have given up their shops, except for the model shop under the auspices of the

school. They now devote all their time to teaching, and they still enjoy it, too.

And their pupils have shops all over the world. One makes and sells her brand of candies in France! With headquarters at Boulogne, she markets her *Don't Forget Me* candies in practically all the American and English tea rooms and grocery shops in Paris. *Annilo Candies* made by Annie Low are favorites in Berlin. And here in these United States from Maine to California you'll find little shops that are selling candies made according to the school's recipes.

Iris and Dorit have developed the fun of candy making into an exciting business enterprise. They have grown even beyond their glorious dreams of twelve years ago when they started in the old basement kitchen; away beyond their school day hopes and dreams in New England and abroad. But they vividly remember those days—and the kinds of candies they most enjoyed making then. Here's the way they made and make them. Perhaps you would like to serve some at your next party or sell them at your troop's booth at a fair.

### Coffee Fudge

1 pound light brown sugar  
2 tablespoons corn syrup  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strained coffee  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon butter  
Temperature—240 degrees

Put sugar, corn syrup, cream, coffee and salt in saucepan and cook to 240 degrees. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Remove from stove, add butter, set aside to cool. When lukewarm, beat until very thick. Turn out on marble. When cold, knead with the hands a few minutes and mold in flat pan. When firm cut as desired.

Probably you have never considered making candy according to thermometer-tested temperature before, but Miss Weigert or Mrs. Leonard would assure you that that is much the safest way to assure yourself of a successful batch. A candy thermometer that registers up to 340 degrees Fahrenheit may be purchased at small cost in almost any de-

partment store. It is made of wood, brass or copper. The wooden thermometer is preferable because it may be used for stirring small batches.

The thermometer should be placed in the syrup just as soon as all the ingredients are thoroughly dissolved. If it is put into candy that is boiling it should be very gradually lowered into the liquid to avoid breaking the glass. A pan of warm water (in which the thermometer may be placed as soon as it is removed from the candy) should always be kept conveniently near the candy pot. In this way very little washing is necessary and the thermometer may easily be kept clean.

Remember that water boils at one degree less for every 1,000 feet above sea level. The boiling point of water at sea level is 212 degrees. In Denver, which is 5,173 feet above sea level, water boils at 207 degrees. All formulas given in candy recipes are gauged for sea level cooking, but they may be adjusted to any altitude by cooking the candy one degree lower for every thousand feet above sea level.

### French Nougat

1 pound sugar  
1 cup blanched chopped almonds

Put sugar in iron frying pan over medium fire and stir with wooden spoon until thoroughly melted. Add nuts, stir in well, and pour out on oiled marble if possible (if not possible, use a buttered platter). Roll out thin with an oiled rolling pin. Cut in squares. This is a very simple, but delicious candy. If you are making it for the whole troop use four pounds of sugar and two pounds of almonds.

### Nut Patties

These are delicious for any occasion, but especially exciting for troop money-making events, for each individual patty is supposed to be attractively wrapped in cellophane and is usually sold for ten cents.

1 cup sugar                     $\frac{1}{2}$  cup corn syrup  
1 cup of brown sugar     $\frac{1}{4}$  cup honey  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water                    1 ounce butter  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
broken nuts  
Temperature—300 degrees

Put all ingredients except butter and nuts in saucepan on stove and stir until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, to 300 degrees. Remove from stove; stir in butter very gently. Put a patty mold, or any small container you have of patty-shape, in a cool place and fill with nuts. Pour syrup over the nuts. When almost hard press out gently with your fingers. Be sure the container is buttered before you pour in the syrup. Bars may be made in the same way, merely by using differently shaped molds.





## The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 18)

kingdom will be down about our heads at once, thinking it is I who leave the country unannounced!" She smiled. "Our likeness grows apace, Rosamond."

"That I know," Rosamond answered remembering how easily she had played the part of Queen that afternoon.

"Let us see," Mary went on, sitting with her pretty head turned to one side and regarding Rosamond closely. Then suddenly she jumped up and clapped her hands. "I have it! We'll dress you as a boy! The pretty fancy will please my brother very much!"

"And do you think I would look the part?" Rosamond asked in wonder.

"We'll cut off your hair," Mary said, "and in a suit of Hugh's with a plumed hat on your head—they'd never find a trace of girlishness," she ended gayly. Rosamond felt too dazed to answer. Things were happening far too fast. She felt as if the world were all a-tumbling down about her ears. But Mary caught her hand again and dragged her quickly and firmly across the hall to Hugh's empty room.

"Put something on," Mary commanded, dropping down on a bench to watch.

Rosamond went to Hugh's closet, drew out a suit of dark blue velvet, a pair of long blue hose, and a velvet cap of the same color. The pretty cap bore a long yellow plume that touched her shoulder when she put it on. She undid her dress, slipped out of it, and stood before Mary in her narrow linen shift. Mary sprang up and began to help her pull on the long blue hose over her slender legs. But they had forgotten the difference in size between Hugh and Rosamond. So when they pulled up the stockings they were so loose and wrinkled and flapped so piteously around Rosamond's slender calves that Mary grew weak from laughter. And when she put on the jerkin and it came down almost to her knees even Rosamond laughed, forgetting Hugh and her anxiety about him and her unhappiness in having to leave him in France. But Mary would not be discouraged. She vowed the things would be made to fit.

"I'll send for the sewing woman," she declared. "She can easily fix anything." It was a tedious time for Rosamond who

had to stand patiently while the clothes were being fitted when all the while she craved in every bone to go to Hugh—find out how he fared. But the fittings were over at last. The sewing woman took the things to her room and promised that they would be finished the following afternoon. And Rosamond was free to don her dress again and to hurry off to Hugh. She found him sitting alone—the doctor was still with the Englishman.

"How is he?" she asked, after seeing that Hugh's wound had been bathed but not dressed, and noting that he held his arm tenderly as though it hurt him greatly.

"I think he is better—" Hugh began; then he went over and put his well arm around Rosamond.

"Master Willoughby is our father, Rosamond," he said gently. "Did you not know?"

"Our father?" Rosamond repeated. "How should I know? Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, Hugh?"

"Of course I'm sure! Besides Luigi called him by name before the crowd. Did you not hear him?" Hugh explained.

Rosamond jumped up. "And now please take me to him! Oh, Hugh, I'm all a-tremble! I scarce can wait!"

They went together to their father's room and there the doctor greeted them and bade Hugh show him his wound. He shook his head over it, saying it was more serious than he had been led to believe. Then he took the boy with him to another place to have it dressed. Rosamond tiptoed to her father's bed and looked down at him. He was lying with his handsome head propped high with pillows but when he felt her gaze he opened his blue eyes, smiled upon her and held out both his arms.

"My little daughter, Rosamond," he said in a voice that thrilled the girl to her toes. She dropped down and buried her face upon his shoulder; then felt his arms close tight around her and hold her fast. When Hugh came back shortly, his arm wound in a black silk sling, Master Bolton placed a child on either side and told them of his life since he had been exiled.

"Your mother has told you why I was sent from England," he began, "and how throughout these weary years I have not been allowed to hear a word from you or to send a message to you. That was the

hardest thing of all to bear and the most unfair. But Henry was a bitter enemy to anyone who did not obey him, and I had certainly gone against his royal will. There was no doubt about that.

"The first few years I wandered over France, bitterness gnawing at my heart like any rat. Then one day I came upon a natural clearing in the forest. It nestled at the foot of a small mountain. There were mighty trees on every side. Something about it caught at my heart strings. It seemed the very image of the little glade in England where my old nurse's house did stand, and where you and your dear mother now were living. I sat and looked upon that little glade for quite a space. Suddenly I knew what I would do! I could not be with you in England but I could build for myself a little house here in this glade to match beam for beam the one where you were living. Then in fancy I could picture you all there around me. But—" and here he broke off and laughed a little, "I never dreamed of you as grown lad and maid. To me you were the tiny children I had left so many years ago!"

Rosamond caught at his hand and kissed it as he smiled down at her.

"So all these years we have been living in your heart," she said in a soft voice. "How lovely that is!"

"But what did you do about money, father?" Hugh demanded. "Mother has told us how you left all you had with her and dared take little more than what it would cost you to cross to France for fear she might have to do without something she needed—"

"I earned some money here and there—when I had built the little house I made myself a garden, and here I put in grape vines. By and by they grew so thick I laid out a vineyard. The grapes grew in such full clusters that I sold them for wine. Soon I had more money than I knew what to do with, but I could not send you any lest the King should know I had communicated with you—for he threatened to do ill things to you if I did disobey his command—"

"We managed beautifully," Rosamond hurried to tell him, "and when I went to Court Queen Mary gave my mother a large sum. We never wanted for anything."

"I'm glad of that," her father said with a contented sigh. "I could not have borne it if you had been in want."

"But, father, how did you come to take the name of Willoughby? And why did you deny yourself to me that day I thought I knew you on the street? And how did it happen that once you and Luigi seemed comrades, yet later you fought as you did tonight?" Rosamond poured out questions one after another like so many beads upon a string.

"Be patient with me. I will go back to the beginning and tell you step by step just what has occurred. Let me begin with my vineyard. I had to hire men to help me and I found that some Italians who had settled in the little town hard by were much interested in my grapes and knew more about their growth than any Frenchmen I had ever employed. So every day they came to my vineyard. By and by the story drifted about that I was exiled from England. So they all thought I was an enemy to the King.

"One night some of the Italians came to me and laid before me a plot they had hatched against England and the King. 'You must join us for we need your English knowledge,' they said, still thinking I hated England with my heart and soul. I dared do nothing but fall in with their plans for if England were in danger I knew that I must warn her—"

Hugh interrupted him.

"Then you still love England!" he cried.

"Of course, my son. Why not? It was not England's fault she had an avaricious King!" his father said. "So I made friends with Luigi although it made my flesh creep to be near him. Soon I found out everything—then I stole the papers—proving all that I had heard was true, for I knew that my word would mean nothing.

"I tried to find a faithful friend I could trust to send to England with the papers for I dared not go myself. I hunted everywhere but with no luck—and just as you did come upon me Luigi and his men had found me. They knew I had the papers and they tried to kill me—they would have done so if you had not saved my life—" He put his hand on each of theirs and for a time nothing was said.

"Now the papers lie beneath my pillow. Alas, that I must waste more precious time a-lying on this bed for several days the doctor says, before I can go out and begin my search again for some trustworthy person who will bear these papers to the King of England—"

Suddenly Rosamond jumped to her feet.

"Father, I'll take those papers to England! I have to go tomorrow—Mary is sending me as ambassador to her brother for she is bound she'll marry Charles Brandon and they both fear the King will not forgive them! Mary has a scheme to send me ahead of her to smooth the way, alack, if only I am clever enough— With these papers I could better do it! For it would help the King and then, perhaps he might forgive his sister Mary, too!"

Hugh and her father stared at her.

"You cannot do this thing!" her father said. "The danger on every hand is more than a man can cope with! I cannot let you!"

"Think no more about it, father," Hugh said. "I'll take the papers to England!"

"But you cannot go. You are wounded— Rosamond (Continued on page 36)



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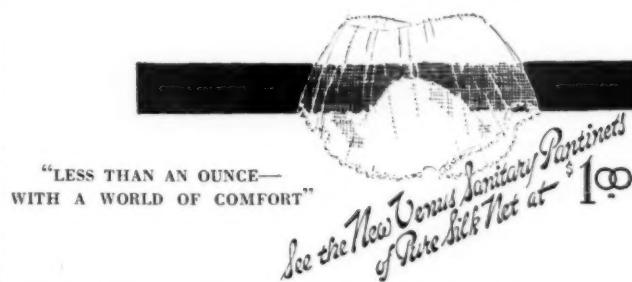
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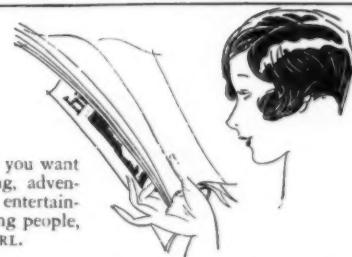
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## The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 35)

pointed out. "The doctor said that you must rest a time. Your wound is really serious."

"A good night's sleep and I will be myself again," Hugh answered stoutly.

"I think the plan a goodly one although the danger in it makes my heart turn against it for your sake—My son and daughter—whom I have but found—now must leave me again and with danger everywhere about them—" Bolton said in a broken voice.

"But, father, it's the only way," Hugh pointed out. "The papers must be sent to England—"

Master Bolton barely had time enough to slip his hand beneath his pillow, to take out the wallet that was stuffed with the papers, to give it with its precious contents to his son when Mary knocked lightly on the door, and came in.

She drew Rosamond to her side and together they did leave the room. Rosamond could only curtsey in the doorway but her sweet eyes told her father that she would have liked to kiss him goodnight.

Mary was married on the following morning at a very simple ceremony.

"Is it not too wonderful, like a dream come true!" she said a thousand times as she was dressing for the great event. The small chapel was decorated only by a few wax candles. Only those who much loved her were there.

Rosamond ran straightway to her father when she returned from church. She dropped down upon her knees beside him, and he caught her hand and held it tight in one of his.

"My lovely little daughter," he said fondly, touchingly.

"Oh, would that we might all go home to England," she said with a tremendous sigh. Then Mary came lightly to the door and beckoned to Rosamond.

"The clothes are ready," she whispered as they went out together. Mary led the way to the seamstress' room where Rosamond slipped off her dress and tried on the altered garments. They fitted perfectly and did so become her that Mary shook her head.

"I fear me you're far too handsome to send alone to England!" she said.

"But wait until I cut off my hair—then no one will look at me!" Rosamond cried.

She undid the blue ribbon that bound her yellow hair.

"Oh, Rosamond, I cannot let you do this thing for me," Mary declared, twisting one of the smallest curls around her finger tip.

"Someone must help me for I cannot cut the back part myself," replied Rosamond. She tried to be brave, for although the actual cutting did not bother her, it seemed to be the first step of the ordeal that lay before her. She snatched up the great shears from the seamstress' table and began to snip and cut her curls.

Charles Brandon came in.

"I'm looking for my wife!" he said, and Mary, hearing him, sprang to his side and slipped her arm affectionately through his.

"What's this?" Charles demanded, looking at Rosamond's half-cropped head in sheer amazement. "Is it another masquerade you're planning?"

Rosamond shook her head and Mary began to explain. Charles Brandon looked

down at his young wife as if she had lost her senses. Could Mary really mean this?

"You mean to send this lovely maid through France and England dressed as a boy?" he demanded.

"Yes. Does she not make a charming one?" Mary asked brightly.

"Too charming! Of course she cannot go!" he said with a note of finality in his deep voice.

But Mary who always liked to get her way began to pout.

"She has the clothes for the part and half her hair is already cut off," she began. "I do not think harm will come to her by trying to see my brother. I am sending Mistress Clarabelle with her. You know how Mistress Clarabelle is!"

Charles smiled for he loved Mary dearly and he really wished her to have her way. So he said now, "If you are so set upon it, my darling, I shall not oppose you anymore. But I shall send two of my best swordsmen with mistress Rosamond—that I insist upon. They will ride on either side of the coach. And they will be other folk for her to talk to, for the poor child will be sick to death to listen all the while to Mistress Clarabelle."

"Will someone cut the back part of my hair for me?" Rosamond asked, holding out the shears as Mary took them. She shuddered just a little as the cold steel touched her skin but it was as much apprehension of what lay ahead. Soon her golden hair lay in a shining heap upon the floor. And when Mary turned her about to face her image in the mirror, she saw reflected there a slender lad with a girl-like face but with straight limbs and well-carried shoulders. Mary gave her final instructions in a low voice. Then Rosamond went to bid farewell to her father and to plan with Hugh where they should meet outside the city, for it seemed best for him not to leave with her.

When Rosamond went straight to her brother's room she found him sitting on the side of the bed, dressed for the journey. But his face was pale and his eyes rimmed with shadows. The girl gave a little startled cry when she saw him.

"Oh, Hugh, you're sick and cannot take this journey!" she cried, springing to his side, forgetful of her boy's costume and of how different she must appear to him.

"No, I'm all right. A little dizzy, that's all. It will pass, no doubt. Come, let me see you! I do declare you make a handsome younger brother!"

"Have you the papers?" she asked. For reply he drew them out of his wallet and showed them to her. "Then we'll meet outside the west gate," she told him. "The coach leaves now in a few minutes."

A servant came in search of her and stared as though he had seen a ghost at sight of her cropped head and boy's clothes. But he bowed politely, saying the coach awaited, and Rosamond sprang up. Mary was at the door with Charles Brandon. She kissed Rosamond warmly upon either cheek and said good luck. Charles helped her into the coach and tucked the robe about her. A man rode on either side the coach as guard. Rosamond first saw that before turning to see what woman sat beside her. Her welcoming smile was met by a sour look as though her old lady companion had swal-

lowed vinegar and did not like it. The girl felt depressed for she would have liked someone to talk to on this journey. But Mistress Clarabelle soon made it plain she did not approve of anything about Rosamond—from the short cropped hair to the small feet encased in a pair of the same stout shoes she had worn in the garden when at home.

She must have dropped to sleep at last though, for when awakened by the abrupt stopping of the coach she thought she had been dreaming that she heard someone scream. But it was really happening, that scream. Almost at her ear she heard it. For there at her side sat Mistress Clarabelle, her hands clasped to her ears, her eyes staring out of the coach window, screaming at the top of her voice. Rosamond leaned across her and peered out through the window. And what she saw made her blood run cold: the two horsemen Charles Brandon had insisted upon sending with her were unmounted and fighting desperately with four masked men.

"They're highwaymen! I know it!" Mistress Clarabelle kept on screaming, "and I tricked out in all my best! They'll take the pin my nephew sent from Scotland! What shall I do?"

"Don't tell them all about it!" Rosamond cried, "try to hide what valuables you have!"

As she spoke the door flew open on her side of the coach and a man thrust his black masked face directly into hers. She drew back with a little scream and fumbled with the fastenings of the other door, but he caught at her cloak and made as if to drag her to him. She struggled desperately. Suddenly Mistress Clarabelle came to her aid, for with a well aimed kick she caught the man beneath the breastbone. Howling from rage and pain he dropped Rosamond's cloak. She had got the door unlatched. Now she tumbled out and one of Brandon's men seeing her cried in a loud voice, "Take my horse and get away. We can hold these villains for a time. Hurry, girl, and get away! Hurry, I say!"

Rosamond sprang to do his bidding. She was quite sure she had recognized Luigi's evil face beneath the velvet mask.

**On, on into the night rides Rosamond. The black road grows rough. Then behind her she hears the pounding of hoof-beats. The final instalment of this romantic tale brings Rosamond's adventures to a happy close—the February issue.**

*What has happened so far in this story*

Rosamond Bolton lives with her mother and Hugh, her brother, not far from London. Her father had been exiled from England when Rosamond was a baby, by King Henry the Seventh.

Rosamond awakes one morning to the sound of a hunter's horn. As she reaches the gate she calls to the leader and begs him to stop his hounds, unaware that he is Henry the Eighth.

Laughing the hunter does as she asked him. The girl invites the party into the garden for a draught of mead. As she serves the guests Rosamond sees her own likeness to a young lady of the hunting party, the leader's sister. She is amazed at the resemblance.

## That Streamline Figure

(Continued from page 20)

and keep your neck not more than two inches from the wall. This gives you an idea of what the curves of your spine should be. Don't think, however, if you can follow out these directions against a wall, that your posture is perfect—when you are walking or standing. The test gives you something to aim at.

Let's go back to that unhappy picture of me, under the sharp eye of the posture expert with the big letter S in my back. Between the wall and the small of my back I could slip—not the flat of my hand—but my whole fist. At my neck was another yawning gap of not *two* inches but three or four. I couldn't even approximate correct posture. And I never could walk a railroad tie or even *hit* a golf ball. Is that letter S to blame for everything? And what can I do about it?

"We must lessen those curves," said the posture expert. "The normal curve of the spine is a gentle one."

Suppose I try to mend the trouble by "chest out, shoulders back!" Next time you hear that old familiar order, change it to "Chest up and shoulders flat" instead. In its old form it may do more harm than good. The minute I thrust forward my chest, my hips protrude worse than ever. My body is in worse alignment than before. I must certainly use other tactics with my spine.

As far as posture is concerned, the spine is the most important part of your body—the real weight-bearing structure. It runs up and down the center of your back like a long bony piston and to it are attached by muscles and tendons the three great weights of the torso—the head, the ribcage and the hip girdle, or pelvis. From the hips the weight is carried down by the legs to the ankles and feet.

Of course, no spine is absolutely straight. For greater flexibility, nature put four shallow curves in the adult spine—slightly forward at the neck, slightly backward at the shoulders, slightly forward again at the center back, and then the tail end of the spine tucks in under you, as a good tail should. As long as those three weights attached to the spine—head, rib-cage and hip girdle—are directly one above the other, these curves are rightly shallow. But if one of these weights gets out of alignment, everything goes askew and the curves of the spine become exaggerated. This is what you must work to avoid.

To cure this, you must pull straight up and down. Let's start with the head. Pull in your chin slightly but stretch your neck so that you won't look like a drum major. And reach up the ears; that gets rid of the unsightly collar button. Try it and see if it doesn't. Your head is properly balanced. As for shoulders—flatten out those wings at the back and then let them drop easily—but do this without tensing your ribs. Let your ribs be flexible and easy; let them seem to fall in toward the lower spine. As for hips—well, hips are just a habit of posture. Cure the habit and you cure the hips.

Pull the end of your spine in and under you—see what that does for your hips. But this doesn't mean you should slump down into the ungraceful and antedated débâta slouch. It's just as bad form for your stomach to protrude as for your hips to ride out behind. What you're trying to do is to make your spine straight, not curved in the wrong directions. Why not stand before a mirror to see how straight up-and-down you can make yourself?

To get the feel of a straight spine, lie flat on the floor. Bend your knees until your feet, too, are flat on the floor, reasonably close together, *not* toeing out. *Never toe out!* This is in italic because it is most important. Now relax all over. Be sure your ribs aren't tense. Let them seem to melt down toward your spine as though they were sticks of ice cream. Keep your chin in and let your neck relax. Make your spine as long as possible. Pull it out straight at both ends, keeping all the while limp as a rag doll. Next slip your hand under the small of your back to see how close to the floor it is. Do this often as an exercise and try to approximate the position

when you stand, and improve your looks.

If you want to get rid of some excess poundage round your middle, try this exercise:

Still lying on your back, move close to the wall—so close that that part of you which mother used to call the spanking region and which the doctor calls your buttock is tight against the wall. Now do the bicycle exercise up and down the wall, letting your knees pass each other. This will harden hip muscles and make the fat melt if you keep it up faithfully.

Or, turn over on your side and do the scissors exercise, first on one side, then on the other. But don't curl up in a ball as you do it. Your spine must still be straight and long, though the scissors may bend at the knee. And don't let your spine wiggle as you work. The action must come at the hip joint.

Try to get the *feel* of how you should stand by practicing before a mirror—even at risk of being called vain. Good posture is an honest, worthwhile *vanity*. Once you get the feel of it and concentrate upon it, nature will rectify the errors with any good wholesome exercise. As long as you are young and supple, the streamline figure is by no means impossible for you to achieve.

Leaving my personal story out of it, undoubtedly you can add examples within your own experience of girls whose carriage has been improved by judicious correction. A well-balanced carriage proclaims the streamline figure from afar.

The German novelist, Lion Feuchtwanger, in his historical romance, *Josephus*, speaks of the majesty of Queen Bernice's carriage—so regal that mighty Rome held the Queen in awe and kept her enemies at bay.

## Wanderlust

I hang upon the swinging gate,  
And scan the hillsides brown,  
For early with the meadow larks  
The Gipsies came to town.

And O! the longing burns me,  
My feet would up and go—  
But here I must abide a while  
Where things are dull and slow.

I'd like to fall upon my knees  
Before the chieftain man,  
And beg him please to let me  
Join his caravan.

And some day when the wanderlust  
Has conquered one so frail,  
My feet will leave the garden path  
And seek the Gipsy trail.

HILDA HUDSON

## The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 36)

That evening a messenger arrives at their cottage. He tells Mistress Bolton that the Princess, much attracted to Rosamond, wishes her to come to court, and the girl accompanies him back there.

After Rosamond has been a guest of the Princess, the latter tells her that the King of France has asked her hand in marriage, to which Mary has agreed, in spite of her love for Charles Brandon. Rosamond goes to France with the Princess as a lady-in-waiting. The King promises his sister that upon the death of the French King, to whom she has been married by proxy, she may marry

Charles Brandon, who will be made a duke.

Before the girls leave for France the Queen gives her from her own finger a ring which Rosamond is to return to the Queen if Mary is ever in trouble and needs the Queen's help.

The King dies only a few months after Mary's arrival in France, and since she is afraid of his successor, King Francis, Mary and Rosamond move into Cluny Mansion. Rosamond goes to make arrangements for renting the mansion and on her way back a tall Englishman, who says his name is Willoughby, rescues her from a drunken street loiterer who has been annoying her. Wil-

loughby tells Rosamond that he knows her father. She also learns that he is a distant cousin of King Henry and Mary, which explains her own resemblance to the Queen.

Within the next few weeks the Lady Marjorie, Charles Brandon and Hugh Bolton arrive in France. One afternoon Rosamond hears someone creep past the door toward the room in which Mary is talking to Brandon. But the thing that turns Rosamond's heart cold is the sight of a tall, muffled figure following Lady Marjorie. Rosamond flies back to Hugh and motions him to follow her.

"Quick!" she cries, snatching his hand. "It is the King! Come with me. Hurry!"



From "Here Comes Barnum", edited by Helen Ferris. Harcourt, Brace and Company

ONE of the most beloved books in our childhood's bookcase was *Captain January* by Laura E. Richards. By association, therefore, we persist in thinking of Mrs. Richards's autobiography as the Captain of our January book recommendations. Surely when you make its acquaintance, you too will salute it both with delight and reverence. *Stepping Westward, the Story of a Long Life* by Laura E. Richards (Appleton) introduces us to the distinguished daughter of Samuel Gridley Howe, the philanthropist who in his daughter's words was the "friend of all mankind," and of Julia Ward Howe, who wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. No more inspiring girlhood can be imagined than Laura's—her mother's voice surging through it, her father's dynamic ideals always in evidence. And what fun she had! Sometimes she listened to such nonsense as:

Then up and spoke that other young maid,  
And from her seat she risen  
"Let you and I go our own way,  
And we'll let her go shis'n!"

Sometimes she listened to such a born teller of stories as John Sullivan Dwight, who had actually been at a party where Hans Christian Andersen had gathered the children about him and had told them stories, and where Thackeray himself had read aloud *The Rose and the Ring*. About her own writing, after she was married, she has the most fun of all. In our day, when jobs for women are often looked upon with great seriousness, it is grand to read of a woman who, fifty years ago, juggled babies, books and social service to a light-hearted tune. Her life seems to have been that rare combination of work, ideals and happiness toward which we are all working, and the tale of it makes fascinating reading. Her success shines out radiantly from her autobiography's every page.

Another important figure in American letters comes to us in *Romantic Rebel* by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Century and Junior Literary Guild). The biographer is the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. She has presented us with a picture of the famous author of *The Scarlet Letter* and *Tanglewood Tales* which successfully dissipates the

Poelike ideas of gloom which many people associate with his name. She paints him for us as a writer frankly subject to those "blues" so often inseparable from the literary temperament; but also as a person of vivid enthusiasms, burning talent, and a joyousness of nature. We read of his childhood in Salem, his summers in those parts of Maine familiar to many vacationists. Lake Sebago, for example, will increase its interest for us when we learn that the Tarbox tragedy inspired one of Hawthorne's early poems. The next time we hear that story told before a camp fire, we will conjure up not only the poor frozen victims, but young Hawthorne, whose family had adopted little Betsey Tarbox, the youngest survivor, pulling her on his homemade sled and telling her stories by the fireside. Hawthorne's wonderfully happy marriage to Sophia Peabody is an idyll with much the same appeal as *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. It was indeed a charmed quartet of Brownings and Hawthornes which met in Italy and furnished glamour and beauty for generations of romance lovers. You will all enjoy reading it.

A very different literary world from that of either Laura Richards or Nathaniel Hawthorne is shown to us in fiction form. *Myra, A Story of Divine Corners* by Faith Baldwin (Dodd, Mead) is the story of a girl of our own day who is the willing victim of that virulent and prevalent disease, Writer's Itch. This, as we all know, has a horrid and perpetual fascination, and, as there is scarcely a girl who isn't either a victim or a prospective one, every scrap of information concerning its treatment is eagerly devoured. Myra, who is the sort of girl everyone tries to protect against her own absentmindedness and impractical ways, is alert enough in her chosen field. She starts to work in her home town newspaper office; then she becomes secretary to the retiring editor; then she has a further streak of luck in being asked by the new editor to do special work in a motion picture studio. She meets a successful author and a literary agent and, although the rustle of rejection slips is distinctly heard throughout the story, at its conclusion she is well on her way toward her chosen goal, one for which she seems eminently

fitted. *A Boy's Book of Journalism* by George L. Knapp (Dodd, Mead) covers the newspaper field alone—in descriptive rather than in newspaper form. It gives an interesting account of newspaper office routine and, even if one has not often before sniffed printers' ink, but is somewhat inclined to like the smell, the temptation to want to continue sniffing becomes irresistible after reading it.

Though it deals only with newspaper men, not with newspaper women, its interest to girls is none the less keen. And, in this connection, there is one new book meant especially for boys which makes such entertaining reading that we cannot refrain from mentioning it. It gives us a realistic idea of *How The Other Half acts*. *Lardy the Great* by Reed Fulton (Doubleday) is the story of how fat Lardy, who was prone to waffles and hot biscuits, cultivates an athletic silhouette which is useful as well as decorative. Lardy starts his career rather unpromisingly, by splashing the athletic coach with an ice cream cone destined for an entirely different goal. He tries to drown his justified uneasiness by earning money for more ice cream cones, and accepts a commission to deliver a package and earn a whole dollar. Before he can deliver the package, it is lost, and its loss involves Lardy with a mysterious Chinaman, the football team, an uncomfortable session with a pair of kidnappers, and a wrestling match which makes him the school hero. Do the elements of this combination character-school-and-mystery tale appeal to you? When you see how cleverly and humorously its incidents are resolved, you will agree, I think, that it is a pity to allow the fact that the book is presented as a "boys' book" to keep it from you.

A Chinese also figures in Nina Brown Baker's new mystery tale, *The Chinese Riddle* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). Mrs. Baker's preceding book, *The Secret of Hallam House*, made us look forward to another good mystery yarn. Here we see the same clever hand at work, although the story is slighter. It seems to be written for girls of from twelve to fourteen years, and introduces us to Molly and Barbara who, with their mother, come to board at Ruth Curtis's.

# A January Bookshelf

By  
SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

Ruth has all her life been under the care of silent, inscrutable Wang. During Ruth's babyhood he brought her home from China, where her missionary parents had died, and since then has acted as a sort of very superior housekeeper and teacher in the small household composed of Ruth and her grandfather.

One day Sailor Jim arrives. There is a mysterious conference, and Wang leaves at once for China. Ruth has received from him a letter of farewell containing a Chinese riddle—a sort of test to prove her appreciation of the years he has spent educating her in the Chinese language and thought. She is doubly anxious to solve it because she feels that she never fully responded to his efforts to teach her, but the riddle is most mysterious and involved. Moll and Barbara, though as ignorant as most of us in regard to Chinese, try to help her, and in the course of their efforts learn quite a bit about Chinese poetry, the language and China's history. The meetings of the girls take place in the tiny pagoda which Wang also used as a temple, and it is in this pagoda that Ruth finally and triumphantly solves the riddle, despite the attempted interference of Sailor Jim. It is a big step from this book to another which treats in far more detail of China and its age-old culture—a step which may be taken with profit probably by girls considerably older than those who will enjoy *The Chinese Riddle*.

Those of you who have thrilled to *The Good Earth*, the Pulitzer prize novel by Pearl Buck, will appreciate another interesting approach to China through the medium of *Firecracker Land* by Florence Ayscough (Houghton Mifflin and Junior Literary Guild). Here among other things, the Chinese language is presented in such a way that, if one enjoys the study of language, it really does not appear so formidable as we have always thought it. It seems to be a fascinating picture—a writing game, so to speak—and some of the mysterious brush strokes are presented with beguiling simplicity. Chinese devotion to poetry, instinctive in all classes of Chinese, is beautifully shown; Chinese gardens, people, paintings and architecture are described by a cultivated and understanding observer. There are many illustrations by Lucille Douglass—sharp blacks and whites which successfully catch aspects of the oldest and perhaps the finest culture of the world. In this connection, we cannot help thinking of a favorite book, published about two years ago. It is one of those books for children which older people are more than happy to have an excuse to read: *The Chinese Ink Stick* by Kurt Wiese. In speaking of Chinese writing, we remember a bit from this book: "If you put the two characters meaning 'heart' and 'to speak' together, you get a composite character which means 'to rejoice'." Isn't it wonderful? A heart that speaks is certainly rejoicing.

A period as rich in romance as China is in culture is resurrected in *Charlemagne and His Knights* by Katharine Pyle (Lippincott). Though legends have clustered thick about Charlemagne, his court is not so familiar to us as that of King Arthur, and up until now, or so it has been this reviewer's experience, we have found the legends of Roland and Oliver, of Astolgo who rode the magic Hippogriff, of Rinaldo and his stallion Bayard, only by chance in various collections. Not until now have they been presented to us, as the Arthurian legends have been—a consecutive whole. Here we meet Ogier the Dane, the treacherous Falerina, Bradamant who might have been called Brunnhilde. In thrilling procession they come before us, marching to the grave beauty and distinction of Miss Pyle's style. This makes a fine addition to our read-aloud books, the usual condition being imposed that all listeners make themselves wait long enough for the conclusions of the tales. That is always the peril of reading aloud, the danger that some greedy lad or lassie will ruin the story for everyone else by anticipating the end—not that any of us are

Fifty years before, Grandfather Brunner had left his home and had never returned. Strange stories have been afloat among the superstitious villagers, stories of late more exaggerated for his own purposes by the snarling Krodl. What had become of Grandfather? After that lapse of time, it would seem impossible to get any fresh light on the subject. How the disappearance is triumphantly solved, how science punctures superstition, is the theme of an exceptionally good mystery story. As for its final solution, Charles' comment is the most apt. "Talk about Rip van Winkle!" he says. "This is worse. It's Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe done up in one package. Yes, and maybe a little bit of Conan Doyle in the bargain!"

*Wild Cat Ridge* by Maristan Chapman (Appleton) has the quaint turns and the unusual texture we have come to expect as a Chapman characteristic: a sinister character has discovered the hiding place of some of Paul Revere's early work as a silversmith and, although he has no idea of its historic value, he melts the precious stuff and sells it by the pound. Quite by accident, three boys discover what he is up to, and the struggle between him and them for possession of the silver is the theme of the story.

In *The Prairie Pirates* by Earl Chapin May (Duffield and Green), another unscrupulous thief, Black Beard the prairie pirate, in the days when young men were going West to make their fortunes, also plays his part. Andy Fowler has two special inducements to make his fortune: an unkind master to whom he is apprenticed, and a provokingly lovely heroine, Emely Wood. In his escape from the one and his courtship of the other, he has adventures which bring him in touch with Abraham Lincoln when he was a struggling

lawyer and even gains him a glimpse of Ann Rutledge. He wins his spurs in the Black Hawk War against the Indians, and gradually fights his way toward his aristocratic lady love. It is a good story, rich in material and associations.

*Swift Rivers* by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown) is a story of about the same period, but its material is entirely different. Chris Dahlberg, the steadfast and courageous hero, has for years also been apprenticed to an unkind master whose cruelty finally drives him out on the night of a blizzard. He makes his way to his grandfather's home some distance off, and it is while living with him that he conceives the idea of logging and of rafting logs down the Mississippi. It is a big undertaking, almost unheard of in those days, and in its stirring description we are swept along on the turbulent and dangerous waters and realize to the full the thrills of such a life. The picturesque characters of the time—river pilots, river men, "rafters" become as real to us as modern captains and sailors. The story is told with dash and power.



From "The Railroad to Freedom" by Hildegarde Hoyt Swift. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York City

even related to anyone as selfish as that.

There is good news this month for those insatiables, the mystery-book-lovers. *The Glacier Mystery* by S. S. Smith (Harcourt, Brace) is the kind of story which makes the most hardened "fan" salaam in reverence, and which forces the few reluctant readers of mystery stories to admit that there's more in this kind of book than they had thought. The scene is laid in the Tyrol, home of the sunny and friendly Bavarian peasants, whose invariable greeting is "Grüss Gott!", whose cheery yodels ring down the mountainsides, who leap in gay dances to the tune of a thrumming zither. To this atmosphere Charles Loomis and his father come. The latter is an American professor studying glacier formation. At the very outset mystery greets them. In this especially friendly country, the driver, Big Krodl, refuses pointblank to drive them to the Brunner's home where they have engaged rooms. He gives no reason, simply refuses to take them there. They arrive on foot, receive a warm welcome but find Herr Brunner brooding over the fate of his father.



## The Lucky Break

(Continued from page 14)

cried, and they trooped out to the little summerhouse—which, if you looked at it properly, might be considered something very tall. The wind blew about them, the snow crunched underfoot, and the white stars blinked laughingly in the distant heavens. But the summerhouse was quite, quite deserted. "Well," Berta said finally. "I'll have to give up, and it's probably the nicest present of all."

"Oh, don't give up," Alida protested. She stopped in the middle of the walk. "I know!" There was such assurance in her voice that the rest of the little party stopped, too. "What do you know?"

"It means the grandfather's clock! That's in the dining room—not in the cellar, the garret or the hall, and it's certainly very tall."

"Of course!" they cried, applauding.

"Wasn't I stupid?" Berta laughed. "Hurry—hurry!" She raced ahead of them, into the warm, candle-lit house again. They clustered about her as she opened the door in the grandfather's clock. "There is, there is something!" Her voice was high and excited. And she drew out—a tiny, white-gold wrist watch!

At that moment the doorbell rang again. In the excitement no one heard it, but a moment later a maid entered with a long box. "For Mejuffrouw van de Water," she said with great solemnity.

"For me?" Alida echoed. "How can that be? Really, for me?"

"Anything can be—on Sinterklaas," they told her. "Do open it." With their eyes all fastened on her, even Berta's attention drawn from her loving inspection of the wrist watch, Alida undid the numerous papers and strings, took off the lid and held up for their regard a large, brown, sugary, delicious-looking letter "A" in pastry dough—a letter "A" almost as long as her arm.

"Oooh!" the little cousins cried together, their mouths watering, their eyes bright in anticipation.

"Who brought it?" Alida asked.

The maid permitted herself a brief smile. "It was lying on the doorstep, mejuffrouw," she answered.

"Oh, you'll never find out anything from Maartje," Merta said, smiling. "She's been in too many Sinterklaas celebrations ever to give anything away."

"I think it must really be for you," Alida said. "Because who would—?"

"That's it—who would?" Berta teased her. "With that letter so unmistakably an 'A', and my name being Berta, how can you talk like that? You're keeping something from us!"

"One of you sent it, then!" Alida declared. "What other explanation could there be? You must have."

"I wish I had," Jan said, somewhat ruefully. "But I never thought of it."

"I always used to get them when I was small," Berta said, on a reminiscent note. "The *taai-taai* ones, you know, and this kind, and chocolate ones that were simply huge!"

They all joined in the futile guessing and the teasing. Mijnheer Maartens particularly seemed to have the idea that Alida—quiet, little Alida as he called her—really knew who had sent the big pastry "A", but wasn't telling.

"But I don't know," she persisted, her face growing more and more flushed. "Why, the only people I know in Zwolle are the Prinses, and everyone of them says—I wonder—"

And all during the hour that followed, when they drank the hot, spiced beverage that Maartje brought in and then gathered around the piano to sing old songs while Mevrouw Prins played, Alida wondered. She wondered as she took her candle and went up the great carved stairway and bade Berta goodnight at the door of her room; wondered as she cast a last admiring glance out of her window at the frozen canal and the glittering stars, and then hopped into the enormous bed. She was still wondering when she fell asleep.

Next morning the sun shone on a holiday scene. The booths that lined the banks of the canal had their fronts draped in gay colors and gave forth appetizing odors of hot chocolate, coffee, and a variety of cakes. The bright pennants of the Ice Club flew in fluttering festoons from pole to pole. The picturesque costumes of men and women from the neighboring villages lent a colorful note to the little clusters of people gathered around the glowing stoves set along the shore.

Alida slung her new red and white muffler closer about her throat and pulled her matching beret down over her dark hair. The Prinses had seats in the judges' tent, but Alida and Berta preferred to wander up and down the glistening ice, practicing new strokes and sampling the wares at the booths. There was a pleasant air of bustle, but the events went off with precision and order. The mornings were given over to figure skating by members of the Ice Club, and Jan, nearly bursting with restrained pride, came up to them carrying his trophy—a silver cup, as third prize. It was an enviable trophy to win.

"You'll be really good when you grow up," Berta said laughingly and he gave a lunge, which she evaded, and chased her to

the bridge and back. She caught hold of Alida, breathing quickly. "Oh, hold me! I did get away from him—but what a race!"

Jan, a stroke behind, said: "Hm, I could have caught you twice. Let's not have tea at home. Let's go to the waffle *kräam*—it's just down the street a little way—and celebrate with two helpings of waffles and three of *potfertjes*. I'm starved! And afterwards, if I can waddle, I'll give Alida a ride in our old ice-sleigh."

"What fun!" Alida cried, her eyes sparkling. "Like one of those?" and she pointed to a short-front, high-back affair on runners, with a handle for a pusher.

"Only more so," Jan said with a grin. "Ours is an antique, but it's been freshly painted, and I'll guarantee to push you a couple of miles, anyway."

The waffle *kräam* was warm and steamy; the waffles superlatively good, scrunching down to airy bits of nothing at the lightest touch of the fork. Alida tried some with melted butter and cinnamon sugar, and some with whipped cream—and then suddenly found that she could not eat another one. The little room was filled with carnival people. They stood a moment watching the bent old man handling his four-foot-long black-handled irons in and out of the wood fire before they plunged into the cold brisk air again.

It was late in the afternoon when the houseman brought the sleigh around, and by that time there were half a dozen more of them on the ice. Jan took off her skates, helped her in, tucked robes and furs around her until she could barely turn her head. "We're not going to the North Pole, are we?" she protested.

"Depends on my wind," Jan answered blithely. "I say—before we start, wouldn't you like a cup of chocolate? I would."

"I believe I would," Alida said. "The waffles are only a memory."

"Wait right here, I'll be back in a minute." Jan skated over to one of the booths back of her and was lost to view. Berta sped past, and called, "Don't be gone too long—you want to be fresh for the party tonight!"

Alida sat in her bundle of furs, looking out with amused eyes at the races still in progress—the women in voluminous skirts,

their mufflers and caps flying; at the men in short jackets and trousers—the skippers of the turf boats that plied the river nearby. They always raced, she had been told, and how they raced! Their long, curved Frisian skates, tipped with little acorns, glittered in the light and they flashed by, one after the other, their faces red from the cold, their blue eyes dancing. Alida thought, "No wonder they can skate like that—traveling from town to town in winter along the frozen canals!"

The sleigh in which she sat began to move in the direction of the skaters, pushed by long, sure strokes. She had not heard Jan come back. "But where's my chocolate?" she cried. Had he forgotten? Perhaps the supply had run short.

There was no answer. The sleigh sped on. It was a lovely sensation—gliding over the ice, with the costumed skaters, like figures on an animated canvas, lending color and movement to the scene. "This is the nicest way of traveling I've ever tried!" she called loudly.

Still no answer. How strange of Jan not

to say anything! She turned her head. Out of the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of a brown-gloved hand resting on the push bar. Brown! But Jan had worn white woolen mittens!

"Jan?" she said on a questioning note.

Still no answer. Perhaps it wasn't Jan, she thought swiftly. There had been several other sleighs standing there. She had even seen another girl with a red and white beret. Perhaps she had been mistaken for the other girl. Where was she being taken? Why did this strange person not answer her? All at once she had a peculiar feeling—not fear, but—She must make whoever it was understand that he had the wrong sleigh, that he must take her right back. It would be ridiculous if she were taken somewhere quite out of the way and had to put the Prinses to all kinds of trouble, and suppose she missed the party—

They were speeding toward the bridge. In the ice she saw the stake that marked the end of the long race track, and over to one side, where the sleigh was heading, a row of little sticks with wooden cross

bars stuck in the ice. She pushed aside the fur rug so that she could turn around—

And at that moment there was a loud, crackling sound and a jolting stop. The ice was giving away! The sleigh sank up to its seat in the spreading hole.

"Alida! Alida, are you all right?" cried a voice—not Jan's voice.

"I'm perfectly all right—but I can't get out," she answered, and turned to see, struggling to get out of the hole through which he had plunged—the young man who had sat opposite her in the train!

Even as she looked, her eyes wide with amazement, he gave the sleigh a mighty, upward shove, so that it moved onto the ice again. Two men drew it to safety. Then they ran to pull him out, and a moment later he was bending over her. "I'm terribly sorry!" he said—was there a twinkle lurking in his eyes? "That's what I get for kidnapping young ladies. I promise not to do it again—now that it has served its purpose. I beg your pardon, Juffrouw Alida—at your service stands a wet and humble Derk Brevoort!" (Continued on page 47)



ANICE had been an excellent student, class of 1931, fourth in standing among the twenty who graduated with her. Equipped with the usual training that comprises an education of four years' high school, two years' finishing school, she was unexpectedly thrown completely on her own in the July following graduation. Her parents had been killed in an airplane accident. They left nothing, due to the collapse of the bank of which her father was president.

She liked the water. Boats were her life really. Nothing would have pleased her more than to have sailed as cabin boy 'round the Horn on a five-master. She got it naturally for she came from a line of clipper ship captains who in the days of the race for the China trade set their sails in a great spread of canvas and bent every effort to lope in ahead of their swiftest rivals.

From a child Janice had studied boats. Her room was littered with ship models; her walls bore designs of the old *Baltimore Clipper*, the *Great Republic* and the two famous Nantucket ships on which was staged the Boston Tea Party. She spent hours modeling her own fleet of clippers—sharp of line, their billowed canvas spread from slim raking masts.

Now was she content with sailing her Marconi ketch one day; with whittling at miniature bows or tillers the next; she read everything she could find on her hobby. Everyone in the town it seemed knew of Janice's avocation—old sailors hired to mow the lawn spun her yarns; her friends sent her clippings, the town librarian wrote her the moment a new book on any kind of ship was added to the library.

Thrown from this pleasant existence into

## A Hobby That Paid

By SALLY BLAKE

the contest of finding a job, no experience to boot, was not nearly so dismaying to one who in imagination had sailed on her own clippers through the perilous Windward Passage. Boring, but when one has lain becalmed for weeks in the doldrums, a simple or an adorned "no" is not wholly defeating.

Janice's graduation gift money grew lower. But she kept on trying for a job—through interviews, through letters, through the want ads, through introductions. But in spite of rebuffs—unhappiness over the loss of almost all she had held dear, disappointment at not getting work; through the weariness from tramping around from appointment to appointment went a wine-like thing that upheld her. She knew that when she got to her room her ships would be waiting.

Then, suddenly, her job found her. She walked into a downtown bookshop at sight of a volume on sailing in the window. Before she knew it she and the proprietor were in a cozy conversation over a cup of tea. Both loved clippers and knew them; both came from the same sorts of clipper ship families; their lusty forbears out of Gloucester had undoubtedly talked much as they did now over tankards of steaming ale once the ship tied up in port. The pro-

prietor—her shop duties over for the day—and Janice talked on. But now it was to make plans, for the proprietor had remembered that Java House needed an assistant curator; she had telephoned the chairman of the board of directors to tell him of her "find" in a young clipper ship enthusiast who really knew its history and seriously felt the romance of the importing and exporting trade—the one person made for the job of cataloguing Java House's clipper treasures and clipper lore; an intelligent young assistant curator who would be able to conduct important visitors through Java House in a way that would make the famous old founders of the maritime museum rejoice in their graves—on terra firma or safe in Davy's locker.

If ever in my life I have seen anyone love her job it is Janice. She's younger and prettier than ever and she's like a keen whipping sniff of cool salt air herself—to be with her an evening or two would take five years off anyone's shoulders; might even lead a busy person like me to fit in a hobby somewhere in my twenty-four hours, no matter whether or not it turned out to be a safety raft, my vessel having gone down all sails flying.

NOTE: Janice's investment in her clipper ship hobby has made me wonder if you have hobbies. I have talked the whole thing over with Miss Mochrie, your editor, and we have agreed to give a book for the best hobby stories published in the magazine. Send your stories—under three hundred words to: Sally Blake, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

## An Unexpected Christmas

(Continued from page 24)

heard the curious sound—a steady, rhythmic drumming that went on and on and on.

"A partridge?" Molly wondered.

And Sis said, "My land, no!"

It was a metallic drumming, certainly not produced on proper sheepskin, but precise and military in its tempo. The explorers stumbled nearer, drawn by an irresistible curiosity. Roll and ruffle and tucket—the notes were distinct, now, and undeniably mysterious.

"That's good drumming," said Sis, who had tried it.

"Perhaps it's a ghost," Chummy said.

"The ghost of a Revolutionary drummer boy, killed by the Injuns," the Bard enlarged.

"D—don't," Bumps shivered.

But just then the five came in sight of a little old lonely farmhouse huddled in a snowy hollow. So thin a wisp of smoke rose from its chimney that it argued little fire within. It might have been deserted, abandoned, a skeleton house—but for that eldritch drumming, and the slender thread of smoke. The explorers crept closer; gathered around a black window, and gazed within.

Around a small air-tight stove, a huddle of children of varying sizes crouched or stood. A man, his head between his hands, sat on a wooden chair, and beside him, on an upturned box, was a most curious small figure. It was a little boy—quite evidently crippled—who held between his twisted knees an old dishpan. On this he beat a flawless rhythm with two clothespins—a look of complete ecstasy on his thin and rather elfin countenance. The campers stood gazing, speechless. Then the Bard went over and knocked upon the door.

The drumming stopped as if the drummer had been shot, and the little rickety house lapsed into a silence as deep as if it had indeed been abandoned.

"Perhaps they don't mean to let us in," Sis whispered.

But, as she spoke, the weathered door was half opened by a thin, pretty girl about their own age. If she was at all alarmed, the five grins she saw must at once have reassured her, for she immediately pushed the door wider.

"We're Girl Scouts," the Bard explained, "from the camp over the hill. May we come in a minute and get warm?"

The girl smiled faintly, shyly, and led them in. The warmth indoors was not excessive, but it did feel grateful to frosty toes. The five stamped the snow off their feet and trooped in. Somehow they looked tremendously large and healthy and rosy as they filled the room, towering over the pinched children who gazed up at them. The small drummer had turned away his face at their entry, and was now creeping off on hands and knees—apparently his only means of locomotion—to some private corner of his own.

"But we want to hear some more drumming," Chummy said. "It was that that led us to your house."

"Reckon he won't drum fer all o' you," the man said awkwardly. "He's kinda timid—not bein' like other kids, mebbe."

"He does it awfully well," Molly said. "It's all he keers fer," the girl said

shyly. "A feller useter board with us learned him. He'd been in the army as a drummer."

"Won't you set?" the man offered. Then, realizing too late that there was nothing for five extra people to "set" on, hastily added, "Kinda cold fer you city gals, campin', ain't it?"

"Oh, we love it," Sis said. "We're so glad it snowed—even though now we can't get home for Christmas."

"Is Christmas comin'?" a very little girl asked.

"Why, it's tomorrow!" Bumps cried. "And at home—"

The big girl whispered hesitantly, "We—we wasn't lettin' on to the little ones it was Christmas tomorrow, 'cause pa's bin out o' work so long they ain't goin' to be anythin' at all."

"Oh—we are sorry," said Molly, pinching Bumps. "Well, I guess we won't have anything either. Er—lots of people won't, I guess."

Sis had gone off determinedly and sat down on the floor beside the drummer, who had twined his thin arms around his wasted knees and was gazing at her in a mixture of amazement, defiance, and overwhelming shyness.

"I used to drum in the Girl Scout bugle corps," Sis confided, "but I never could get that ruffle. Won't you *please* show me?"

Well, this was different—a fellow artist. He reached for the dishpan and demonstrated the ruffle, uncannily nimble with his clothespins.

The man was apologizing for having nothing with which to refresh them. "Dunno as there's anythin' ready," he mumbled, looking half starved himself. "Any coffee on the stove, Jane?"

"Well—not right now," Jane said wistfully.

"Really we don't need any," the Bard assured them hastily. "We must be floundering back. The others will wonder where we are. Thank you for our rest and our warm hands."

"Well, it was real nice to have company," young Jane smiled, pushing back her hair. "And I hope you'll have—Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas!" the five called back across the still snow.

The Bard looked over her shoulder. "A cedar right beside the door. Couldn't be better," she said. She and Chummy fell behind and talked very earnestly. Then they caught up to the others with a bound.

"Comrades," the Bard shouted, "get going! Tonight is Christmas Eve, and we all have a heap to do!"

When they arrived at the Old House, the five stood up and told their story—also outlined certain plans. From then on the campers went almost wild. Their activities became varied and vigorous, and carried out with all the speed possible. Long strings of popcorn appeared, (lucky enough that popcorn had been thought an indispensable part of winter fireside rations!). All the remaining apples and oranges were twisted in bright tissue paper stolen from the summer handicraft stores. Chummy and the Bard produced a marvelous picture book of simple objects, gayly colored with crayons, thereby proving themselves lightning artists. Luggage was rifled for clean wool stock-

ings; Margot even sacrificed her brand new fur-lined skating mittens. Molly privately put aside the red and orange silk scarf she had been meaning to give Chummy as a pre-Christmas present. Kanga made another trip to the office telephone, after a consultation with Medicine Man, to call headquarters—the only authority that could dispense jobs. In a corner, Sis took counsel with Zoo.

"He's simply got to have it," she said. "Obviously. It's all he keers fer. We'll pass the hat and get a new one for the bugle corps. I'm sure we'll collect enough. Drums don't cost such a lot."

"What about Christmas dinner?" the Bard was asking Kanga. "Can we possibly scrape up enough?"

"Medicine Man has promised us turkeys from his cousin's farm," Kanga marveled, "and pumpkins for pies. He's going to haul things in on a sledge. He's brought a lot of potatoes already."

"And we can haul my friend Dan, the drummer, on said sledge," Sis put in. "I was wondering about that."

"Oh, was ever anything so exciting!" shrieked Bumps, the home Christmas utterly forgotten.

It was twilight when the twelve campers set out over the now crusted snow, led by the adventurers who had found the little house in the hollow. The snow had long since stopped falling, and stars were beginning to come out in the pale, clear sky. The campers were very quiet as they stepped on through the hush of bare trees and snow-filled clearings. When they came in sight of the little house, there was not a sound. The family was at the back, gathered in the kitchen for warmth and what little to eat there might be. The front windows were dark, and beside the gray door the straight young cedar stood up black in the dusk.

The twelve plotters crept forward, and with quiet speed began their transformation of the tree. Popcorn strings festooned it, gay balls of tissue-wrapped oranges were fastened to bending boughs, little white parcels began dangling here and there. Bulky packages of utilitarian commeal and potatoes hid beneath the lowest branches. At last it was finished, and the twelve set their flashlights upright in the snow in a circle around the tree, and pressed the switches. A silver floodlight clothed the little cedar miraculously, from its proud young crest adorned with a silver paper star, to its straight-rooted trunk clustered with parcels. Bumps gave one gasp, and was firmly stifled by Sis, who led her away with the others to the shelter of a nearby thicket. Then they burst forth, all of them, with the prearranged carol:

"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!"

Their voices sounded surprisingly loud to themselves, after the long time of stealthy silence—loud and fresh-minted; clear and very strange, rising up into the utter stillness of the cold evening, with nothing to listen but the illuminated shape of the little transformed cedar tree.

But lamplight moved now in the front window—the door was flung open. Pale, astonished faces clustered and stared.

"Oh!" Just a long (Continued on page 45)

## A Year's At

(Continued from page 29)  
this means to make some money to add to our Girl Scout camp fund.

"The week before the carnival we worked frantically, collecting things for the fish pond and blind bat sale, rehearsing playlets, soliciting cakes and candy.

"Then the fateful Saturday arrived. At nine o'clock in the morning the whole troop assembled in an empty store consisting of one long room. We set up the tables for the cookies and candy and placed screens behind which the side shows were to be held. At the back of the store we stretched curtains to make the stage for the plays.

"At two o'clock the doors opened and as a result of our posters and advertisements in the local paper a goodly crowd of children had gathered. Five short playlets, two song acts and a dance were given each hour, and although every girl in the troop participated in one of these, numerous other activities were kept constantly in progress in the front of the store.

"The candy booth was very popular and the fortune teller in great demand. A clever art gallery of famous pictures was on exhibit. For instance, 'Spring, Beautiful Spring' was represented by an ordinary wire spring placed on a piece of paper bearing the title; 'Lost' was simply a blank sheet of paper.

"There were various other objects of interest, among them the fish pond, the cookie booth and the dog show, consisting of three hot dogs.

"As the hours passed more and more people paid the admission price of one cent and entered Carnival Land. Once inside they couldn't resist the delicious things to eat or refrain from seeing everything offered. Business prospered until nine o'clock when, tired and all sold out, we emptied the store and went home."

### Honolulu Has a Busy Troop

All the way from Honolulu comes a letter from Sadie Yoshimura, a member of Troop Thirty-Four, telling us about the Community Service program carried on by her troop:

"Community service is something that we Girl Scouts look forward to doing every chance we have here in Honolulu.

"During the yearly *Honolulu Advertiser* Children's Christmas party we helped to distribute five thousand gifts to the children. What a big thrill it was to see the happy faces of the children and to hear their happy voices. Before the party we helped to wrap the gifts and box the candy. When people brought in old toys we mended and repainted them.

"On Christmas Eve we went to the Leahi Home, a hospital for tubercular people, to sing Christmas carols. Before Christmas, we made and sold tuberculosis seals, 14,250 packs valued at two dollars each.

"At the *Advertiser* Cooking School we took care of the children whose mothers



## Its Dawn

were attending the classes. There were children from one month to eleven or twelve years of age.

"We all had to keep our minds active with stories and games. In the middle of the morning we gave them crackers and milk. After that the younger children took naps and we entertained the older ones with stories. The mothers were pleased with the way we took care of their children and the next day the nursery was enlarged by fifteen or twenty new children.

"At the Children's Theater Party we helped by acting as ushers and by keeping order. During the United Welfare Campaign we helped, and also during the days when poppies for Memorial Day were sold. We helped sell poppies and ran errands for the American Legion Auxiliary. At intervals we rolled bandages for hospital use.

"On Easter Day a group of us took candy to the Children's Hospital. The children were glad to see us. At Thanksgiving every year we give a basket of food to some poor family. To fill this basket each girl brings as much as she can and when it is filled we take it to the Social Service bureau to give away. This is done also at Christmas time. You would really be surprised at the large amount of food we can collect in that way."

Rhoda Soares, a member of the same troop, adds on Lei Day, the first of May, all the Honolulu Girl Scouts helped to hold lines along the street and to take care of the lei exhibits. It was lots of fun she says.

"In order to collect enough groceries for a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family we gave a party, admission to which was a can of food," Rhoda writes. "We collected a good bit that way."

"Another bit of community service we did was to take care of babies at the Baby Clinic. Some of them were sweet, but others—how they cried. Besides folding bandages we folded many sheets of tuberculosis Christmas seals, stayed at headquarters to give our leaders a chance to visit different troops and helped in lots of ways with the *Honolulu Advertiser* theater party for orphans."

### Here's a New Money-Making Scheme

Troop One Hundred Thirty-Eight of Chicago has a good money-making scheme. Marie Golding, a member of that troop, writes to us about it:

"We are establishing within our troop a circulating library, for the benefit of the girls of the troop. The books are being donated by the troop members, are lent temporarily and returned to their owners in the same condition as that in which they were received. A small fee of a few cents a week is charged. The whole plan is proving to be extremely successful."



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## The Young Budgeter



(Continued from page 11)

and improving your techniques of buying, sewing, cooking, *et cetera*, you can get far better results at less money cost. Girl Scouts will note, too, please, that all this will mean "being prepared" and the merit badges which indicate it. Any extra care and thought you expend in shopping are sure to repay you well.

Perhaps I can make my message to you clearer if we concentrate for a few minutes on the clothes problem. It's better to plan ahead for a long period than to concentrate just on this week or even this month and this season. But of course you must remember that styles change especially rapidly these days, and that you want to keep up with them at least to the point where you do not look too different, and feel too conspicuous. Wise planning means seeing that expensive clothes like coats and shoes, and certain dresses, are conservative and of good quality and are harmonious with a variety of accessories, like scarfs and hats and trimmings. You will of course have some of these already in your wardrobe when you start to plan and will go over them carefully to see what they need. Much can be done to improve old things which have once been good.

The amount of care with which you have done the buying in the first place will probably have much to do with the serviceability of what you have, although styles change much more quickly some seasons than others and with the desperate attempts with which manufacturers and stores are now trying to make people buy, changes seem more radical than ever. In any case, you must decide how long you are probably going to want to wear what you buy before you will know what to invest in it. Good conservative advisors always say that one should, if possible, get a complete outfit all at one time, in order to be sure things harmonize; but a girl's budget seldom allows of this. Besides it is fun to do a little shopping every week or so, and this can be efficiently done if one plans for it. Of course, you should never buy anything without thinking of it in relation to the rest of your wardrobe. Misfits are never economical.

The most helpful word I know to remember is appropriateness, for it keeps many things out of one's wardrobe and suggests times at which other things may be

worn which would not be appropriate, let us say, for school or for shopping. I am keen for having every girl dress becomingly and appropriately but, after all, she wants to feel that her clothes express her personality. This may mean that now and then you get something which other people do not like but which gives you a great deal of pleasure. Only, be very sure that your feelings are really more important than theirs are and that you are not transgressing any standards of health or of good taste.

A novice at budget-making is very apt to think only of large purchases and forget how much the indispensable small things cost, and to leave out of the budget any allowance for alteration, cleansing and repairs. But a little practice in remembering what happens will soon remedy this; here again one's own time and energy and experience properly used help a money budget tremendously.

Perhaps we should say a little about these time budgets and energy budgets. It is a great help to know how long it takes to do anything, from dressing yourself properly in the morning to getting yourself ready for bed at night. Long-time planning helps here, too, for the way you put things away has a great effect on the amount of time it takes to get them out again. When you know how long most of the things in your typical day take, you can make a working schedule, but be sure not to crowd it too full and to leave time for the inescapable interruptions. Unless you have made some record of these, you probably will not recognize how many, how long and how distracting they are. Fortunately, a number of them can be avoided if you are careful in your planning, putting a sign outside your door when you settle down to study, telephoning the friends who are apt to drop in when you want a free half day for putting your room in order, checking up on errands you may be asked to do before you start on your walk, and so on. Other things are so important that they are really worth more than the thing you plan to do, although you may not realize this at the time—like dropping your book to play a game of tennis with your brother when his friend has failed to keep his date, getting perhaps a chance for the chat you have been waiting for but never seemed able to find him free to listen to.

I find one gets most done by planning a long time ahead, for trips and holidays and meetings and appointments. Sometimes, of course, things come up to change the plans, but I am sure I get much more done than if I depended on fitting things in when the time came, which so many people advocate. I find, too, that if I have something on hand to pick up when, because other people or things are not ready, I must wait, books get read, letters written and sweaters crocheted which otherwise might have to remain uncompleted for a long time. Plans are fine helpers but poor masters, and one must learn to make them flexible and oneself adaptable.

As for energy budgets, you are the best judge of how much you can do without becoming a burden to yourself and to everyone else. You should be constantly learning by experience what tires you and what rests

you, how much you should sleep and what you can eat, and the types of exercise that are best for you. Almost anyone can give you advice but this you will have to check through by experiment. You should be able to start each day rested enough to go at things with a will and to stop not too tired to enjoy the evening, not to fall asleep. We keep weight charts and take health examinations and check through, besides, on general ability to live amiably with one's family and oneself—a fairly satisfactory way to make sure that one's energy budget is being spent wisely.

But the best of plans are not doing their full service unless one follows through to see how they turn out, and then makes new plans more wisely. The beginning of the year is a fine time to do this because it has always been accepted as a planning period. Here is a new budget of money, time and energy to be made, for perhaps the most interesting year you have ever lived. Let's hope that it may be so and that you will find your planning just as interesting as carrying out your plans.

NOTE: If you work out a budget for yourself, won't you please send a copy of it to THE AMERICAN GIRL? We are interested in knowing of how much help this article has been to our readers, and whether they have any suggestions to make for future articles. If we use your budget in any way, your name will not appear unless you wish it to. In fact, if you prefer, you may send in your budget suggestions unsigned.

If you do not buy your clothes out of an allowance, find out from your family the approximate amount that has been spent on dressing you for the past two years, then strike an average and work out a budget of your own for this year based on what you think your needs will be. This working out of budgets would make a good troop project, by the way. If you are a Girl Scout, suggest it to your captain.

### SUMMARY

*Of a Yearly Clothes Budget for a Schoolgirl*

Dresses . . . . .	\$111.65
Underwear . . . . .	40.45
Stockings . . . . .	23.85
Shoes . . . . .	34.60
Hats . . . . .	12.15
Gloves . . . . .	4.05
Coats . . . . .	38.90
Toilet articles . . . . .	5.00
	\$270.65

*Prepared for THE AMERICAN GIRL by Best and Company, Fifth Avenue, New York*

NOTE: The above budget does not take into consideration the items that every girl has left over in her wardrobe. It is printed to suggest relative expenditures for various types of clothing.

## An Unexpected Christmas

(Continued from page 42)

drawn, inarticulate gasp from Jane's soul. Then words, stumbling, confused, coming half-caught to the listeners in the thicket.

"Too pretty to touch—oh, look!—passes, too! Popcorn! Oh, oh, lookit—mittens—furry ones! Hush, dear, wait—don't grab—it's too pretty—angels, I reckon—Them Girl Scouts, daughter—Oh, Pa, listen, listen! In this envelope! The headquarters is hirin' you to help Job Larkin, steady, doin' repairs an' things up to the camp—oh, Pa, it's all signed by one o' them captains—An' listen, kids. They want us *all* to Christmas dinner tomorrow up to the old farmhouse—yes, Dan, it says you special—they got a sled—" Jane's voice was extinguished. They could see her, in the light from around the tree, cover her tired face with her hands. This sudden joy was almost too much to bear.

Above everything, now, came Dan's voice, like nothing real. "My drum—I only jest seen it—my drum—my drum—gimme it—my real drum—"

He was kneeling half in the snow on the doorstep, with thin arms outstretched to the official instrument of the camp corps, which would have to be replaced before the first Colors next summer!

The tree was bare now. The lamplight wavered indoors where incredulous children tore open the little makeshift packages, and a man sat holding a sheet of official camp stationery in a stiff hand. The faithful flashlights still poured their steady radiance on the dark, empty boughs. But Jane hovered at the door, a gay scarf pressed against her cheek, her eyes alight with happiness.

"Wish we could—thank somebody," she called uncertainly into the starry night.

"Tomorrow—" a voice reassured her eerily from the thicket. The door closed softly. The twelve stole out and retrieved their flashlights, which were to light them home to the ample hearthfire of the Old House.

"The stars are like Christmas tree candles, all over the tops of the cedars," Chummy breathed.

"Look—the Christmas star itself, right ahead," said the Bard.

They began to sing, softly and very gladly,

"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!"

But mingling with the carol, and oddly disturbing its rhythm, came now the distant roll and ruffle of a drum—a real drum, sounding strangely lonely and not a little weird, in the darkness of the winter woods. Sis bit her lip.

"Anyway," she said, in a funny voice. "Anyway, it sounds better than that disreputable old dishpan." And she strode ahead, into the peace of Christmas Eve.



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Style 160, Brown Elk, Rubber Soles  
Style 115, Light Smoke Elk, Rubber Soles  
Style 125, Brown Elk, Leather Soles  
Style 135, Black Calf, Leather Soles

### FRONT PAGE NEWS !!

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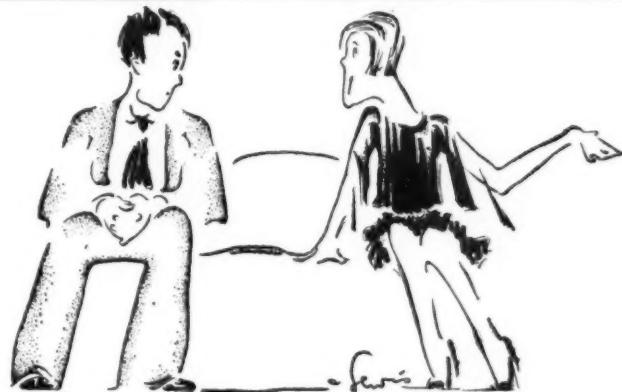
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## TELL IT TO BETTY BROOKS

WHEN Bob or Bill or Irene or Mary come to call, don't put on a long face and tell them your troubles. Don't try to tell them all about your difficulties at school or at home, your squabbles with your friends and family, or—worse yet—your troubles with your budget and pocketbook. It shows poor taste and it's boring to listen to. Your friends

want to hear jolly things, about the exciting things you've done and seen since they last visited with you.

Of course it's hard to practice restraint when matters as urgent as finances want to be aired. So if you wish to get your story off your chest and receive some good advice, too—Tell it to Betty Brooks.

She's the person you need. She'll gladly listen to you because she's never bored with details about money—how to get it for all the many things you need. And what's more, she'll offer you plenty of sound suggestions that you'll find helpful. Ask her for her plan that offers valuable equipment as well as actual cash.

Write her today at 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

## Hurricane in Porto Rico

*About three years ago there appeared "An Innocent Voyage" by Richard Hughes—a novel that created more than the proverbial nine days' wonder. In his plot Mr. Hughes described the might of a Caribbean hurricane. The average reader who has breath-takingly but vicariously lived through one of these torrential wind-and-rain storms on Mr. Hughes's pages might be tempted to doubt its destructive power. One who has actually been through a West Indian tempest knows that words, no matter how powerful, must be carefully picked if the storm is to live vividly for those who read about it later.*

*But this autumn's hurricane in Porto Rico found a twelve-year-old Girl Scout there. Here is her letter telling THE AMERICAN GIRL of her experience. Her grandparents have generously allowed us to share with them Eugénie's story:*

San Juan, Porto Rico,  
October 19, 1932.

Dear Grandmother and Grandfather:

I AM ashamed of myself for not having written sooner. I am going to do as you requested, and tell you all I can about the cyclone.

At twelve o'clock noon the whole school was in a frenzy, and the Head Mother had a hard time quieting the girls. The news of a cyclone had reached us and all were anxious to go home. The Mother sent the girls to the dining room to eat while she phoned our parents. Three little girls at my table were crying, and we tried to quiet them by telling them it was only a thunder-storm, but we couldn't. I thought that father would never come, but he came and my brother was in the car with him. We went home and found the carpenter busy nailing doors and windows and everything that could possibly be protected. Everywhere there was the sound of hammers. We weren't hungry for supper, and after that we fixed tight whatever we could.

Mother sent us upstairs, and said she would call us when it started. I finally went to sleep, and was awakened by mother and Dama when they came upstairs. Fils and I went downstairs and to bed in mother's room. But it wasn't to sleep, it was to wait, to wait for the wind to arrive on its journey of death and destruction. And it came, first in short little gusts of wind and rain, then every time with redoubled fury. The street lights had been extinguished; for hours before not an auto was to be seen. Everyone was too frightened to go out.

Mother had pinned some paper onto the mosquito net, in case there would be a leak; and leak it did! There were only two dry rooms in the house; the cause of this was

that Fils' window had been wrenched away by the wind and all the rain came in. While Dama and father were trying to cover up the window, and while we lay under the covers, too frightened to get out, mother was pushing all the furniture into the two dry rooms. Then there was a slight quake. Mother screamed! That was the last straw. I jumped out of bed in a hurry only to find myself wading around ankle-deep in water.

The dog was under the bed, as if waiting for the end to come; the cat was just as frightened, although he didn't show his fear so much. The bird was crouching in his cage, his eyes wider than usual; in fact, they all acted most human. They didn't pay attention to us, and we could not very well pay any to them. We certainly couldn't do anything for them.

The wind seemed determined to do as much damage as it could, but it was not God's will that it should last long; and as mother and I were keeping the glass on the door from being blown in, we saw with unspeakable delight the San Juan big battery light flash across the sky. I told mother it meant that the cyclone was ending. Mother said she hoped so, and I ran to look at the barometer. It was changing its course, and it started to turn its head to "Variable". It seemed as if the light was a sign for the wind to retreat, and though stubbornly at first, it did so. But the rain still came down in buckets, and would give us no peace. I got dressed, and Fils followed my example and later mother did. Nobody could sleep and we wanted to be ready for whatever might happen.

When the rain stopped, father and Dama

set to work with pails and big rags and tried to squeeze the water out. They got six pails out of one room. Most of the water upstairs leaked through and fell downstairs, so it was practically dry there. At four-thirty in the morning mother and father went to see if the car was still there. It was, but in a sad state; one would think the rain would have washed it, but no! It was full of mud and scratches, and small dents outside. But we were soon to realize how fortunate we had been. We cleared the mess of branches, leaves and zinc from the driveway and then mother and father took the car out and motored to see how the Horgans were. It was very dark and they were not able to see the real effects of the cyclone.

While mother was away Dama, Fils and I slept on a mattress in the parlor. This sounds very uncomfortable, but it felt most comfortable to our exhausted bodies. We all, including the dog, slept till six o'clock in the morning.

When mother came back she told us how fortunate we had been. Aunt Harriette's roof was half off; the garage roof was off; the doll house was nowhere to be seen, and her house was soaked!

As for us, we were fortunate and only got wet, and some trees fell in the back yard. The houses of two of our neighbors were damaged quite a bit. One of them had half the porch taken off, and the other had the whole front part of the roof cave in. The people across the street had half their roof in fragments.

After a while Dama saw her mother walking toward the house. Her mother told us that the house at the farm was all right, but that all the coconut trees were down. Later on we went cruising about and visited some friends. We also saw the houses of the poor people—they were little more than shingles. Garages had caved in on some beautiful cars; and we saw a theatre's cement wall bent as if it had been but a straw for the wind to bend. Often, as I have looked at it I think that all I would have to do is to give it a push with my foot and it would fall.

All that week I worked for the Red Cross with a few Girl Scouts. We gave out food and clothes for the poor people's needs. One day we were called to help give medical attention in a school where the people had taken refuge. As soon as the Girl Scouts get settled they are going to give awards, and I will receive a Community Service Badge, a Sewing Badge, and a First Aid Badge.

I don't think this letter will fit in an envelope, but lots of love and kisses from your loving,

Eugénie.



## Code of the Coast

(Continued from page 9)

snow obscured her father's single lantern. She ran to the lookout tower, climbed the steep ladder, and in the small, wind-shaken box atop it, lighted a crimson flare, signal to survivors on the wreck that aid was on the way. Would they see it? Had the boat, whatever it was, already sunk? It might take her father hours to reach it. He himself might have trouble—

Tears found their way into her eyes. Vigorously she shook them out. She was standing on duty. According to the wind-bitten code of the coast that was enough. A small part, but by taking it, she had released a man.

The clock under the lantern on the wall of the lookout box pointed to nine. She watched its slow hands. Nine-thirty. Ten. Had her father reached the wreck? Was his boat still afloat? Twice she rushed into the quarters and stoked the fires. Each time, returning to the tower, she felt the deepening cold. It would make ice on the surf-boat, and an ice-covered boat, she knew, was treacherous.

Ten-thirty. Eleven. She was in despair when she made out a light on the lake. Or was it? It blazed up clearer. A crimson Costen flare. Her father's boat, begging for direction to get to land! She turned quickly to the surfman's belt which hung beside the clock, from it took another flare. She struck it sharply, kindling it, and its answering flame spread across the beach, lighting it brightly.

Holding it overhead, she crawled down the ladder and ran to the booming wash. The Costen on the lake came nearer. She could see the boat now—its high bow, figures of men. Many men. Too many for so small a craft. Then the flares died out, and when her eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, she realized that the boat was ashore, rolling crazily in the wash, and that men were struggling to keep it from capsizing.

She ran toward it. This was her father, coming ahead, leading another man up the sand. And at the same time the boat moved inward, and she heard Halsted, her father's Number Two, shouting, "That'll do! She'll

be safe there! Take these men up to the station as fast as you can."

She ran ahead into the quarters and opened the drafts in the stoves. In a moment her father followed her. Icicles hung to his eyebrows, and ice ridges were piled high on his shoulders and cap. Ruth, as she poured coffee into stout big cups, saw the others tramping in, surfmen and strangers, men who looked beaten and tired. Finally there came another man, one who looked familiar, even through ice and snow, a man whose gray head was bare.

Ruth heard new voices. Voices of girls—of Charlotte and her friends, whom Ruth had left but a short time before.

Charlotte cried, "We saw the flare! Came down to see the wreck!" She halted, staring at the gray-haired man who looked so familiar to Ruth. "Father!" Charlotte cried. "Father!"

It was Mr. Evers! Charlotte caught him and held him tightly.

"I was on the tug, Number 7," Mr. Evers said. "We were bringing her up to winter quarters." His voice croaked. "Quite a battle, Charlotte. Yes, she went on the rocks! Total loss. But the crew's safe, all seven." He turned to Captain Carson. "Nice job you did saving us, Captain. Thank you. We're very grateful."

Captain Carson shrugged. "Thank Ruth," he corrected. "She saw the flare first, out there on the dune. We might have been too late, if she hadn't."

Mr. Evers was smiling. "This is Ruth?" he asked. "I've heard from Charlotte about her."

"She'd left the party, father!" Charlotte cried. "She was coming home 'cause she thought she might be of help here!"

"I can do more than just thank you, Ruth, lots more," Mr. Evers said. He shook the ice out of his hair.

"Father, what?" Charlotte cried.

"Take her home with us," Mr. Evers said. "The captain has plenty of men now, with my crew, and she needs a vacation, don't you think, Captain Carson? The party which I interrupted starts right on again in the morning and lasts two or three more days—with Ruth as the guest of honor."

## The Lucky Break

(Continued from page 41)

A crowd had gathered in this short time, exclaiming over the miraculous fact that she was neither wet nor injured from the sudden plunge. "Nothing could get through these layers of coverings," she laughed, shaking herself free. "I didn't even get the least bit damp."

"But, Mijnheer, the ice was marked—see, it is unsafe here, under the bridge," one of the men was saying. "Did you not see the little sticks? I don't know how you could have missed them. You're fortunate that your mishap was not more serious."

Alida was caught in a strong grasp. "My dear, you're safe!" It was Berta, followed by a worried Jan. "Whatever possessed Derk? We simply flew down here when we saw what was happening." She looked from one to the other. "Alida, this wicket boy is—Oh, I see you're already acquainted

with him. I didn't know you knew each other."

"Yes, through—shall we say what the Americans call a—lucky break?" the irrepressible Derk took her up, looking at Alida.

They turned homeward. "Are you coming to my party?" Berta demanded.

"Of course," Derk responded. "I'm not through apologizing to Juffrouw Alida. It will take a long time. I'll have to come to the party."

"Well, you'd better hurry. Alida is going back to America in the spring, so you haven't much time."

"I'm going to America, too," Derk said. "Isn't that convenient? After I finish at the university, of course. We ought to meet again, then."

Alida stopped wondering. She knew now, without a doubt, who had sent her the mysterious letter "A".

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**O**f seeing only as far as your nose and not providing for the many things you will need at camp this summer—because you are going to camp!

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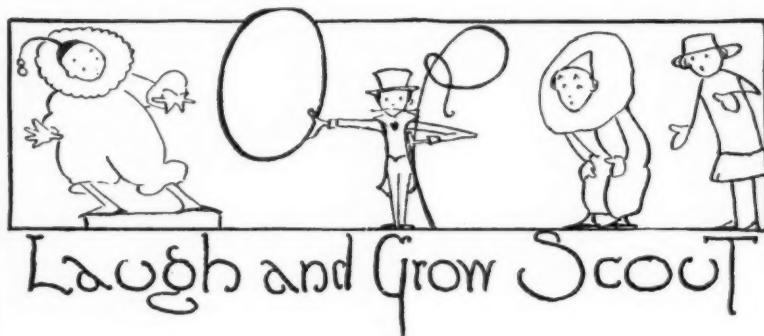
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### Billet-Doux

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked, "Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her pet. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our street, real letters too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amazement.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with pink ribbons," was the innocent reply.—Sent by HENRIETTA HAMPTON, Huntington Park, California.

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



### Moment Musicales

Betty's mother was at the piano practicing a song for a performance at which she was to sing that evening. The dog outside the window was keeping up a steady vocal accompaniment—a long series of melancholy ooooooh's!

Exasperated, little Betty came running in to her mother and said, "Mother, won't you please sing something Pal doesn't know so that he will come and play with me?"—Sent by HANNAH SELL, Anoka, Minnesota.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### That Frigid Air

A certain salesman in a small town was noted for his "wise cracks". A lady entered his store one day and asked, "Do you keep ice boxes?"

"No," replied the witty salesman, "we sell them."

"Well," answered the lady, "you can keep the one you were going to sell me!"—Sent by RUTH VIRGINIA GOELZ, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

### Early Spill



### Retort Courteous

TRAVELLER: Did you find the roll containing fifty dollars that I left under my pillow this morning?

PULLMAN PORTER: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.—Sent by REBECCA VEACH, Miami, Florida.

STABLE SERGEANT: D'ja ever ride a horse?  
ROOKIE: No.

STABLE SERGEANT: Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He has never been ridden. You can start out together.—Sent by JEAN FAIRWEATHER, Worcester, Massachusetts.

### "Monday's the day—"

DUMB DORA: I don't see how football players ever get clean!

DITTO: Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?—Sent by VIRGINIA HUYETT, Reading, Pennsylvania.

## Dressing Up Your Closet

(Continued from page 25)

hangers, new covers for your best dresses, by making a new set of boxes for your lingerie, and by putting up a rack or some bags for your shoes.

If your closet is dark lighten it by painting or papering it in soft yellow, light green, or pale blue.

And this brings me to color schemes in general. Blue with pink, yellow with touches of green, or green with yellow, or ivory, are all very good. The articles in the illustration are peach and green, and may be bought at almost any department store. The row of shoe boxes costs ninety-five cents; the extension shoe-rack to be fastened on the

floor under the dressing table or inside the closet door costs twenty cents; the green wooden shoe trees and the green wooden hat trees that will fasten to the edge of your closet shelf are ten cents each; the peach colored velvet covered hangers cost five cents each; the Argentine cloth covers in peach, to protect your party dresses from the dust, are ten cents each. The chintz for the petticoat and the shelf edging varies in price depending on quality. Exclusive of these two items, your closet, with all the gadgets shown on page twenty-five, will cost one dollar and fifty-five cents; and the chintz and edging may be had for as little as a dollar more.

## "I Am A Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 15)

courts, open to the families in our neighborhood, across the way from our house. So there were nearly always at least two places available and usually others willing to play with us. At first it was, "Ho ho, well if it isn't Ginny the lazybones! Surely she isn't going to wear herself out with this tiresome game!" guyng me by quoting me back at myself. For though I hadn't ever been really lazy I had rather be thought so than "dumb" at anything. Now I could only stick up my chin and say (it sounded rude but wasn't meant to be), "Oh, well, I'm willing to play to help entertain a guest!" At which poor Arline would protest, "But Ginny, you mustn't do what you don't like just to please me. I don't care a bit about playing." So I was bound to play as if it was the only thing in life I cared about.

It was the same with everything. I had to pretend enthusiasm just to get Arline interested. Good thing I was fond of her. I'd probably have made a poor job of doing it as "my duty." But she was a duck, and I'd always hankered for a sister, anyway. Shall I ever forget the day I almost lost her! We were out at the lake, a crowd of us, swimming. This was the end of the summer, and all summer long I had been coaching Arline at swimming (she took lessons besides), watching her the way a mother fish does its young. Oh yes, you guessed it, I had even mastered a dive or two myself, just to show Arline how simple and safe it was! Well, this day I had come in ready to stop, as most of the others had, and was lolling, sunning myself.

Arline was crazy about the water and never would come in until the last. Usually I stayed in with her until we had to get out, but now she could take care of herself so well I wasn't so watchful. I didn't expect her to go to the far raft all by herself though, but when I looked around there she was making for it like nothing less than a mermaid, and nobody with her but a hare-brained young kid. Not that I particularly expected any drowning. I kept my eyes fixed on them though. Arline was swimming splendidly.

Then all in an instant, it seemed—my heart's in my throat just thinking about it—one of her hands shot up and her head went under; the boy with her gave a yelp and grabbed at her and under he went himself, pulling for dear life. Don't ask me how I brought the two of them in. I don't know myself. But somehow I got them to the inner raft and by that time a gang was there to pull us all out and carry us to shore. I was so exhausted I couldn't think for a while but I came to at hearing big Lib Marsh, our champ swimmer, who was doing respiration stunts on me, saying: "Ginny, you trump, what's the matter with you, saying you couldn't ever be a life saver? You're one now, all right," and all the time she was crying like a gilly. At that I sat right up. "Am I, truly?" I blurted, and then I was wide awake, turning to find Arline. She was in good hands and coming around all right—she'd been taken with a cramp—and the boy was all right, too.

Now don't expect me to tell you I got a medal out of it, though some said I might have, but I did get my Junior Red Cross Life Saving badge, which was enough for

me. Three or four who had been on the scene descended on Miss Spencer, our swimming instructor at the "Y", and told her all about it next day, sparing nothing and making some up, I think, while I blushed and squirmed. "I knew very well you could do it, and could have done it long ago, only you wouldn't think you could, Virginia," she said. She was a good old egg. Anyway, this summer I'm going to be junior swimming and life saving councillor at camp—who'd ever have believed it of me or how jolly I'd feel over it! But I'm far ahead of my story.

That summer we had gone to camp for a month, Arline and I. Mother suggested two months but I begged, privately, for just one. You see, I thought I hated camp, but I talked it up like everything to Arline. Once there I had to be in for everything, as if it were my favorite life, for it was so strange and eerie to her she'd have wanted to turn right around and go home if I'd been indifferent. But no! I wouldn't miss a hike for worlds, and camp chores and cooking out-of-doors and even camp fire dramatics, which I dreaded taking part in, were what I lived for! Arline took it all in and went in for all they'd let her, like a Trojan or whatever you call it, and in no time was loving it all and making herself one of the favorite girls in camp.

As for me, it will sound too absurd when I tell it, for the sake of other girls like me I must. When the last day at camp came and the usual final awards were being made—to the "most helpful", "most resourceful", "best entertainer" and so on, when it came to "the best sport" wasn't my name called! I could have sunk through the floor with amazement and embarrassment. "Because you have been willing to try things, whether you thought you'd like them or not, and have stuck, doing your best, whether you could win or not"—something of the sort they said to me, pinning the badge on me while everybody clapped and cheered. I was struck dumb and could just grin. But funnier even than that is that by then I really *liked* camp. Pretending I liked it had brought me around to liking it in earnest.

When school time came Arline and I were entered at the big high school two towns away from our town, where most of our friends went. Arline never needed any

boosting in her studies, nor was I so much of a slouch in them myself, but I still had to keep the two of us up to scratch in other activities. That swimming episode had given Arline a set-back in self-confidence, dumb luck. So I had to redouble the "in for everything" spirit. Gym and track, school dramatics and politics, all had to have their due. Now I know you'll think this next I'm going to tell is the biggest joke of all, as I do. By the end of the year I had a regular following of the backward and bashful, girls who had been much the same as I and who suspected, I'm sure, that I hadn't always been such a hearty, my lads. They wanted to know my secret, I suppose, for nobody really wants to be a back-seater but it's hard to get up gumption enough to get out of it.

And what I told those "back-seaters!" If any teacher or other older person had told them the same things they'd probably have shied right off or been mad as hops, but strangely enough they swallowed everything I said and as far as I know don't laugh even now behind my back, either. What's the use of being like the fox and the grapes, I say; if he'd kept on trying he might have learned to climb better, or else found some grapes growing lower down that he could reach. Do the best you can today, don't worry that it's not so good as somebody else's best. What if you do fall all over the ice trying to skate this week!—next week you won't fall so much, and those others who skim along and look so superior now were scrambling and getting the laugh a little while ago. Besides, if you do get laughed at and feel stupid at some one thing or another, remember that it isn't your whole self that's looking stupid and being laughed at but only the one thing you're doing, and if you can laugh too and go right on you've won already, because that's what's called a good sport. Maybe this sounds like a lot of slush but it's true just the same. I've found out for myself.

Don't think, either, that I'm not still having to make myself do things I'm afraid to do. Debating, for instance. I was sure I could never stand up before people and keep a thought in my head or get a word out. So when I was asked to take a part in one of the interclass debates I was panic stricken but I knew I had to or else be all the more unmanageable for myself the next time something came up that I was afraid to tackle. Now I've even occupied a place on our school debating team, debating with another school. I was a "sub", to be sure, but I proved I could do it. Not that I don't still nearly get heart failure at moments when I think of speaking in public, but so do the rest of them, I've found, some time or another, but if you stick you always scratch through, and sometimes make a hit as well.

I must add that Arline's father came back a little while ago and was he tickled over Arline's improvement! She's about three inches taller, and plump and rosy and full of laughter. He was so pleased that I thought he was going to kiss us all. But instead he's given Arline and me each the darlingest riding horse for our very own, and after school closes and before camp opens he's going to take us on a wonderful riding trip in the mountains. Don't you think that's a fine ending to a flat beginning?



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



ILLIAN M. GILBRETH. Those of you who have taken the magazine for some time will remember Dr. Gilbreth as the author of *Discovering Your Job*, an article which appeared in the October, 1931 AMERICAN GIRL. We were most fortunate to be able to get Dr. Gilbreth to write the article on budgeting in the present issue. Both from her profession—she is a consulting engineer—and from her experiences in her own family of eleven children, she is authorized to speak on this subject to girls. Besides running her business and her family, Dr. Gilbreth, through budgeting her own time, has been able to serve on many important committees. Among her interests are the Girl Scouts, of whose board of directors she is a member.

was a child to fill all her father's discarded notebooks, and the habit clung. Most of her writings have been for adults, but a new book, *Rika*, is for girls of twelve to sixteen. She inaugurated a story hour at the public library, and her sister illustrated the stories with chalk sketches. Out of that grew the lectures which they have given together. Miss de Leeuw has traveled widely with her family, and particularly loves Holland, where her father was born, and the Dutch East Indies, which, she says, have everything a traveler longs for. She likes to sit by the sea and bask in the sun, but seldom has time for either. Most of her exercise comes from letting her energetic Cairn terrier take her out for a walk.

ROSEMARY DOYLE. She was born in Evansville, Indiana, grew up and went to college there. After two years in college she left to take a job as a reporter on an Evansville daily newspaper. A year or two later she came to New York and studied for two years at the Columbia University

SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. After working for about a year on the editorial staff of THE AMERICAN GIRL, Miss Doyle began writing advertising copy. She expects to be married in a few months, and go to England to live.

CATEAU de LEEUW. It is seldom that two sisters have professions which supplement each other as Cateau and Adèle de Leeuw's do. Cateau says that the beginning of her sister's and her collaboration came when she was three and decided to go into illustrating in a big way. "That collaboration," she continues, "has grown through the years. My profession is portrait painting, but in between portraits I like to try my hand at almost anything—

batik, lecturing, and even writing occasionally, so that when I come back to my easel it is always with new enthusiasm. I have traveled a great deal, painting as I went, and trying to catch and perpetuate the charm of strange lands and people. People have always fascinated me and my constant ambition is to go a little further and see a little more of my interesting fellow humans. I love horseback riding, dancing and fencing, and never get my fill of them. I live in New Jersey, and work in my studio in downtown New York."



